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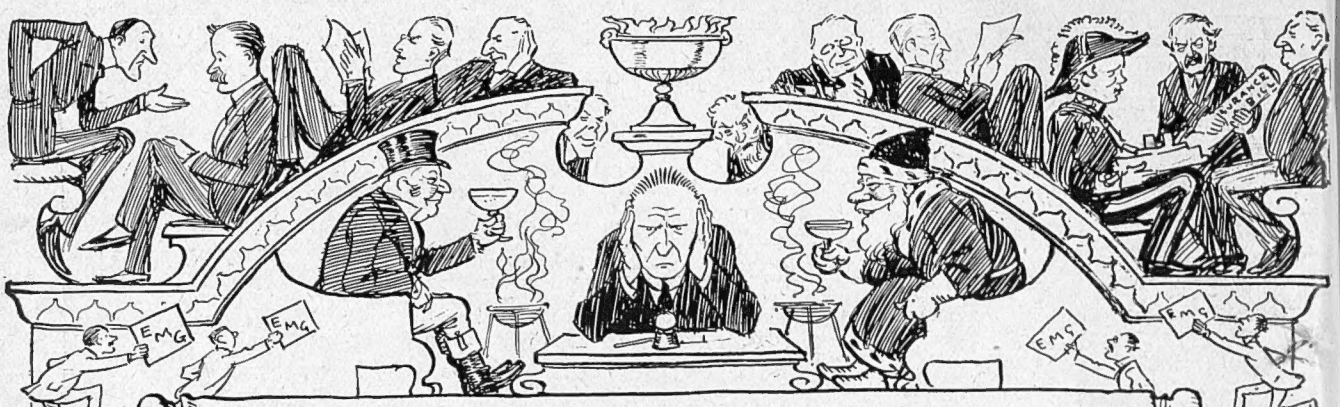
The BYSTANDER

CHRISTMAS and BIRTHDAY NUMBER 1911

WHO AM I? OH, JUST THE FRONTISPIECE!



A PIECE OF OUR MIND.

BY THE EDITOR.

(DECORATIVE BORDERS BY GEORGE MORROW)

Irrelevant Nightmares

I SEE the artist has done it again. He was asked this year to be purely decorative and to leave me a little room to write in, as in previous years the noise of the border designs has deafened the reader to my still, small voice. Instead of the quiet, restful, wall-paperish devices I hoped to see down my columns, he has festooned faces and figures bearing horrible resemblance to realities that I wished, this Yuletide, to forget. I see nightmares of politicians quarrelling; men holding cards bearing strange initial letters, tongues protruding as though in the act of licking; horrid women pestering for one thing, and horrid men for another. I see a picture in process of being stolen; a young man in helmet sitting in a prison cell, and when I get free of these, again these awful protruding tongues. If the artist has nightmares, I wish he would have them privately, and not make them compulsory by stamping them on the pages of other people's notes. Especially as they do not tally in the least with what one was going to talk about.

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A Slight Mishap

This being our Birthday Number, the theme I had chosen was Ourselves at the Age of Eight, not Premiers, and Stamp-lickers, Peers, Suffragettes, and Crown Princes. These an eight-year-old infant, on its birthday, wishes to leave to its elders. Much good may they derive from them! Now, for this Birthday business. [Note to Printer: Here insert stuff sent from Dieppe August 21. PRINTER: Christmas stuff that was sent August 1 from Trouville? ED.: No. Put that somewhere else. Birthday stuff. Didn't get it? What? Must write it again? . . . ***!!—†††!!—†††!!—***!!—†††]

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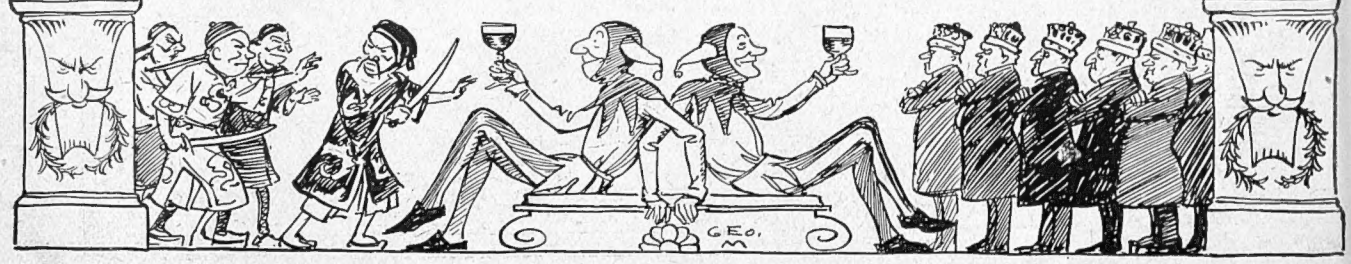
Forgotten Fancies

I remember now. The railway strike was on, and I didn't post it. Instead, I put it away carefully, and as a consequence it is now lost. I have to be eight years old all over again—a most tiresome proceeding. So far as I remember, I wrote rather brightly on the subject of newspaper birthdays. I speculated on whether they should be celebrated by orgies of reminiscence or of anticipation. I recalled a number of episodes in the past career of THE BYSTANDER which I now quite forget. Perhaps it is best, however. At Dieppe, on the sands, in the sunshine, they seemed amusing. Now, in December's murk, they do not. My mind is a blank as to our past history.

***

Birth and Early Antecedents

We were born, of course—rather obscurely, I might add. We were not thought to be really necessary (perhaps rightly. Who knows? Who is necessary?) We got to press, I remember, or it would be happier to say that press got to us. Our offices were so minute, and so densely populated, that press, in the person of the foreman printer, had the utmost difficulty in finding us. He was not always sure who was Us. Our centre of gravity, or, rather, of frivolity, was a changeable quantity. It was sometimes said that if you wanted in advance next week's



BYSTANDER you should find the last person with whom the Editor had lunched. You see, those were early and impressionable days. One was apt, week by week, to change oneself. Sometimes one was light and airy, sometimes grave and ponderous, sometimes highly social, sometimes excessively sporting, sometimes one was permeated with an atmosphere of high politics, sometimes of low. Now one was ultra-Tory, then one was ultra-Radical. Free Trade and Tariff Reform played over one's head the then fashionable game of ping-pong. Then, of course, as now, the country and the Empire were going to the dogs. In the early nineteen-tens, the people who were governing us badly were Unionists. Now, of course, as we all know, they are Radicals. Whoever it was, it was our business to find things for the worse—the nation was going to the dogs either way.

***

The Sensibility of Being a Bystander

Well, we seemed to grow up. We have grown up, obviously, or we should not be here, aged eight. Can the fact that we are here be some sort of contradiction of our nation-going-to-the-dogs theory? We desire to be no idle boaster, but it is, nevertheless, the fact that THE BYSTANDER, for which even its own founders saw no special reason save as an experiment, is able to point to itself as a successful journal, and to be successful means that there must be scores of thousands of people with sixpences to spare. Arriving on the scene when the problem of the sixpenny pictorial was already being discussed, much as consulting surgeons discuss whether a patient shall die or be operated on, we were heralded with mingled surprise and regret. A beautiful child, indeed, it was agreed. But it could never live. As we lay there, chewing our comforter, we wondered why not. We seemed to be liked: and is not to be liked, in journalism, to live? Nevertheless, the heads went on shaking. THE BYSTANDER? asked the average man. But why THE BYSTANDER? What is it; what will it do? "It will do what its name suggests—stand-by," we replied. The sceptic nodded, but was not convinced. Now, I may modestly say, he is oblivious that he ever doubted us. The name conveys to his mind precisely what it was intended to convey. To stand-by is realised to be an eminently sensible thing for a man—and also for a newspaper—to do when all the world is in a terrible hurry.

VIVE L'ENTENTE!

Frenchman (gruffly): "Have you fr-r-ogs' legs?"
Waiter (indignantly): "No, sir. I'm tired. That's what makes me walk like this"

(BY TONY SARG)

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Brooklyn Bridge—and a Moral

Standing-by one sees, as is proverbial, "most of the game." Incidentally, one is seen by most of the hustlers, because of the very originality of standing-by. I remember once pausing at the entrance of Brooklyn Bridge—actually pausing. Before I had paused five seconds a small crowd of pausers collected for a few seconds to watch me pause. "Pausing?" they exclaimed. "Here — on City Hall Square and Brooklyn Bridge?" Owing to the arrival of two or three policemen, my pause, and theirs, was a short, short pause. Before I knew where I was, I was forcibly swept on in the mad rush. I merely recall the incident to illustrate the fact that whatever else a Bystander may be, nobody can say that, in an age of hustle, he does not attract attention. If you doubt me, try standing-by even in London's Strand or Piccadilly. When you have done so, with the inevitable result, you will realise why it is that a paper which has stood by for eight years has at last gathered round itself a crowd of other bystanders which it will take a great deal to move on.

***

The Great Change

But what, it may be asked seriously, is our place in journalism? We stand-by—but for what? Our reply is: For ourselves. For to be oneself is, in these latter days, actually as permissible in a journal

as it is in a person. You see, there has come a great change during the last decade. Many great men have passed away, and many great myths. One of these latter is the idea that a journal, to please the public, has to be cut-and-dried. In former years, a journal was supposed to exist for one of two set purposes. To quote the late Sir G. Newnes, one was either of the sort that made and unmade Cabinets or that provided "wholesome and harmless entertainment." One had to elect to be either harmful or harmless. A middle course was unthinkable—to that generation.

* * *

The Age of No Surprises

Now has come *our* generation — in which is discovered the reverse side of all the medals of the past. Nothing is as it was. It is a generation in which, to live, one must be surprised at nothing, least of all at oneself. It is an age in which the Paradoxist clamours for Orthodoxy. The Dissenter dissents from Dissent. The Free Thinker forswears free thought. The warrior keeps the peace because his brother warrior, who has tried war, finds it insufficiently warlike. Woman opposes the rights of women. A Free Trader introduces Protection *via* the Back Kitchen. Tory Imperialists rage against the Jingoism of a Radical Little Englander. A demagogue, having suppressed Demos by appeal to the sword, takes charge of the King's Navee. To Censor "risky" plays becomes the task of a man who writes them. Bachelor Bishops thunder against the decline of motherhood.

* * *

Truth and Humour

This is an age of kicking over the traces. It is nowadays possible to exist and yet to be neither heroic nor inane. One can be both truthful and amusing at the same time. Truth is the truest foundation of humour, and humour is the truest expression of truth. We don't pretend always to be truthful, or always to be humorous, but if, as the weeks go on, we succeed in striking a fair average, we claim to have established, as the Kaiser would say, our place in the sun. With these few apologetic remarks, I will leave the subject of ourselves, with best wishes that readers will pass pluckily through the trial of Christmas and be ready to come up when called upon to meet the judgment (with costs) of the New Year.

* * *

This Christmas — if I may again refer to the subject in this number—should give a peculiar feeling of fellowship in the home. Mistress and maid, master

A Birthday Confession

1903—1911

If there's a time when life is real,
All women tender, all men bold,
When life approaches its ideal,
It is when we are eight years old.
BYRON *à la mode.*

We've viewed the world from far away,
And probed the heart of things quite near us.
Some like us very much. Some say
The stupid fear us.

We've touched the depths of human love,
We've sought for truth and cunning reason,
We've talked of things that last above
A day or season.

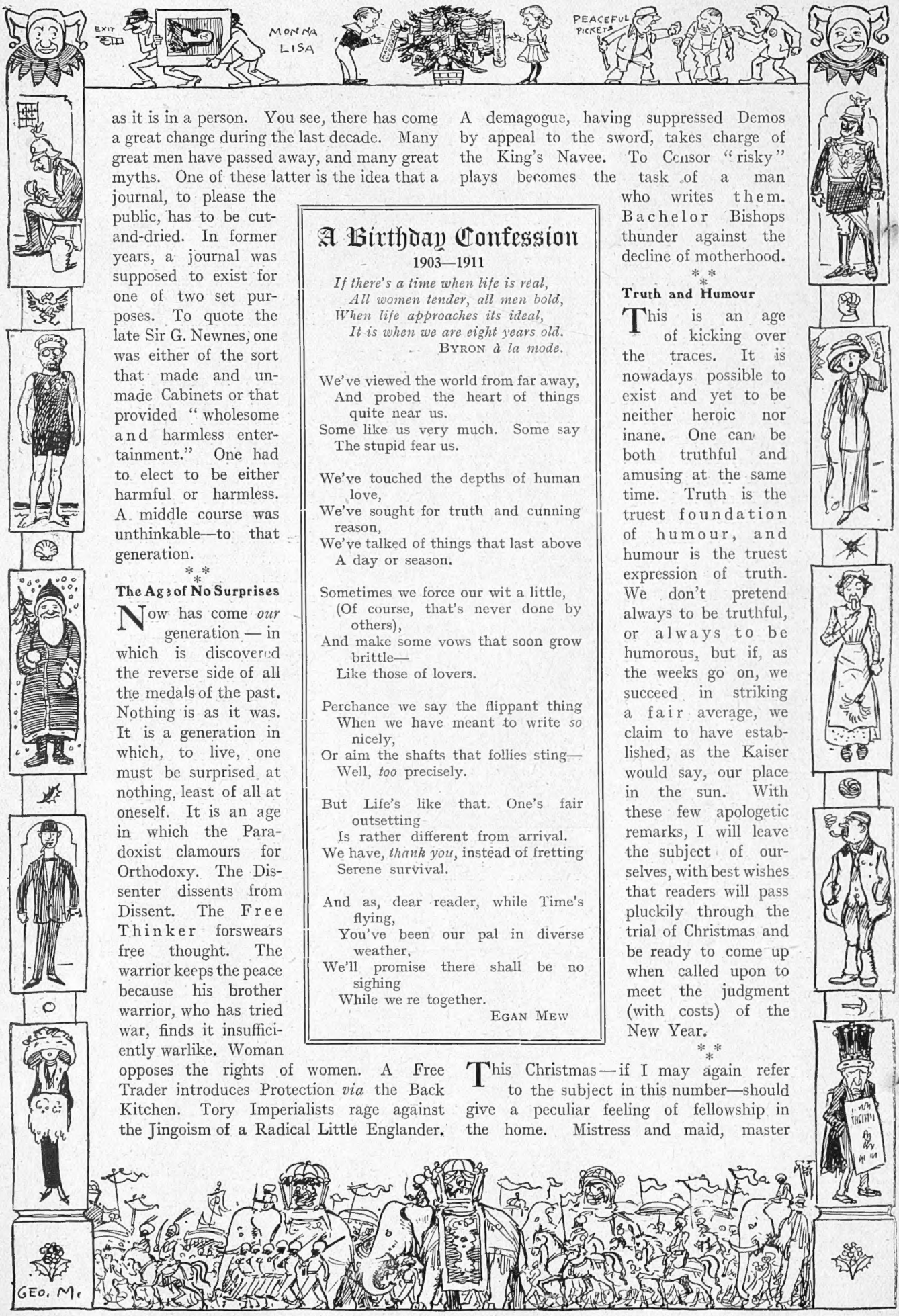
Sometimes we force our wit a little,
(Of course, that's never done by others),
And make some vows that soon grow brittle—
Like those of lovers.

Perchance we say the flippant thing
When we have meant to write *so* nicely,
Or aim the shafts that follies sting—
Well, *too* precisely.

But Life's like that. One's fair outsetting
Is rather different from arrival.
We have, *thank you*, instead of fretting
Serene survival.

And as, dear reader, while Time's flying,
You've been our pal in diverse weather,
We'll promise there shall be no sighing
While we re together.

EGAN MEW



Next Christmas—Will It Be Compulsory?

A HORRIBLE THOUGHT UTTERED IN A MOMENT OF AGONY BY FRANK GILLETT

and third footman have all—or, at least, lots of them have—sent their shilling to fight Mr. Lloyd George's nefarious Insurance scheme. The fellow-feeling thus engendered should not be lost, even if the shilling is.

* * *

"Is there a gum-makers' Union?" inquires a correspondent. "If so, why should not the public band together and collect a sum of money sufficient to keep the gum-makers on strike for a couple of years? This, if Mr. George succeeds in passing his Bill, will make it of no avail." We doubt it.

* * *

Paquin's representative in New York states that every woman attending the Horse Show there spends a yearly average of £320 on dress. Under the circumstances it seems almost a misnomer to call it the horse show. Why not the goose show?

* * *

The new Assistant-Censor is said to be "one of the most humorous men in London." Here, no doubt, we have the explanation of why he accepted the post.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

Bewigged Gentleman: "You haven't forgotten me, have you, Miss?"
Waitress: "Let's see, you were the jugged hare, weren't you?"

(By Harold Bird)

All dramatists seem to be of opinion that quite the most humorous man in London is not, however, the Assistant-Censor, but the Lord Chamberlain.

* * *

In the opinion of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, China "can only be turned into a Republic like the United States of America." Americans will be gratified to learn that this great revolutionary considers them the only people sufficiently like his own progressive fellow-countrymen to serve as a real model.

* * *

At first glance the analogy is, indeed, somewhat obscure. The Chinese, for example, have the habit, we believe, of referring to their wives in a contemptuous manner—calling them "The Thing on the Mat" or "The Thing in the Corner." In the States, if we are not mistaken, it is the husbands who are referred to in that sort of way by their wives.

* * *

Ancestor-worship, of course, they have in common. But is there, after all, anything else, unless it be the Yellow Press?

THE BYSTANDER CIGARETTE—THE EDITOR INVITES—

EVERY reader of this Christmas Number to write to him for a Free Presentation Box of the Cigarettes which it is proposed to call after the name of this journal.

An application form will be found on p. 562. As the supply (for sample purposes) does not exceed 40,000 Cigarettes, it is not possible to guarantee delivery to all applicants, but everybody who sends in the form EARLY *is likely to be satisfied.*

The samples are VIRGINIAN *Cigarettes de luxe, and your opinion of them is invited, to be filled in on a form which accompanies each box.*

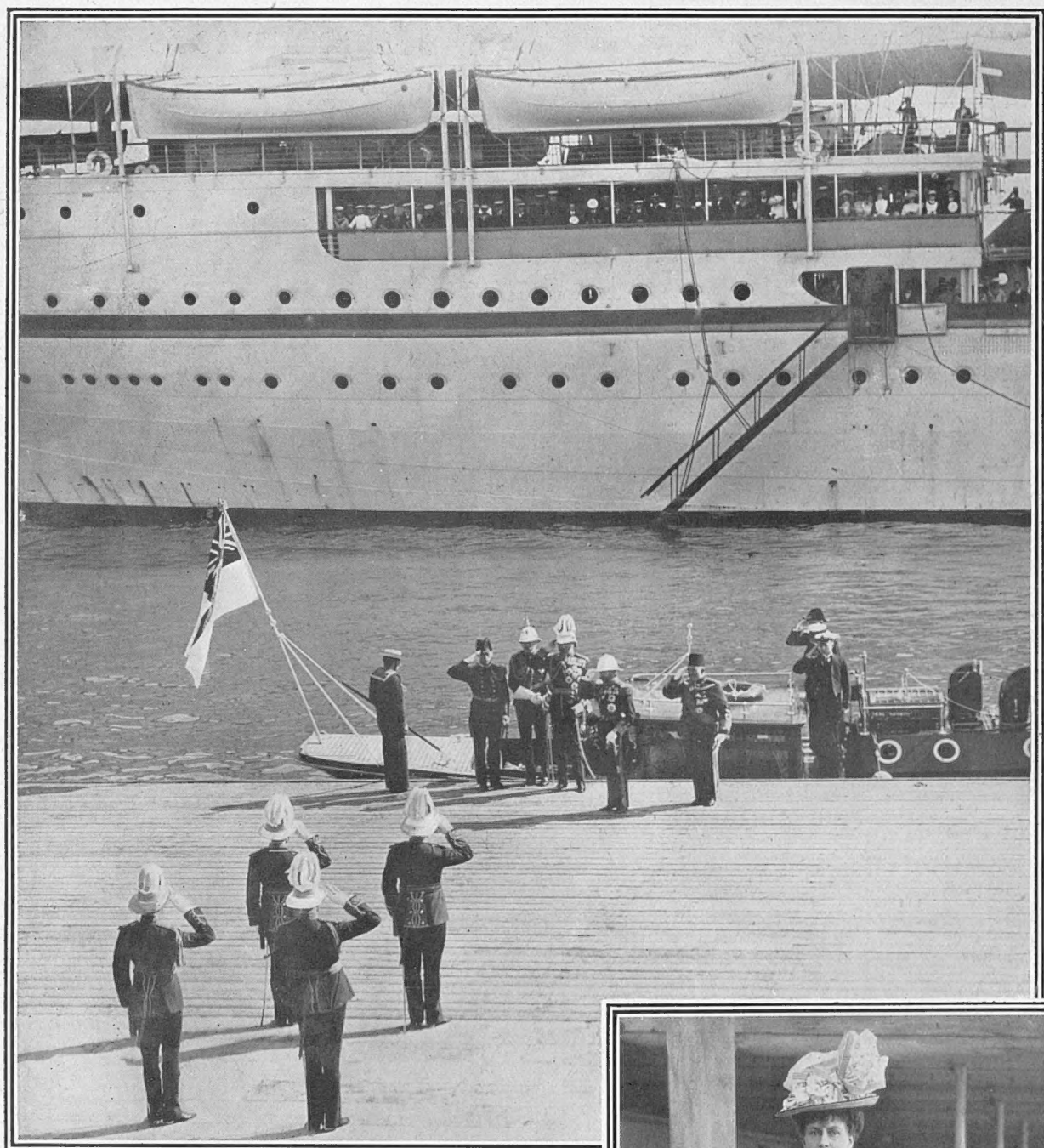
Do not forget to turn to p. 562, and hurry up if you wish to be one of the first to smoke a cigarette that is likely to live in history!

Purely a Matter of Appearances

She: "I don't like the way you wear your moustache"
He: "And I don't like the way you dress, nor the look of that animal you carry about with you"

BY CHARLES SYKES

Their Majesties' Flight from Christmas



THE KING LANDING WITH THE KHEDIVE AT PORT SAID

The "Medina" on its arrival at Port Said was greeted with enthusiastic cheers by the crowds lining the sea front. Lord Kitchener had the honour of greeting their Majesties on their arrival

Photographs Ernest Brooks

(Left to right): The Duchess of Devonshire, the Hon. Violet Baring, and the Countess of Shaftesbury, attendant on the Queen

Her Majesty the Queen on Deck in the Sunshine

(The two lower photographs were taken on board the "Medina")

Aux Lorgnettes

A BYSTANDER'S PEEPS AT PASSING PERSONALITIES

A Retiring Viceroy

THE Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Viceroy of India, about whose retirement from his high post in India and re-association with the Foreign Office so many rumours are prevalent, was once called "a typical stage diplomat," courteous always, but cloaked in reserve and conventions, and with eyes that seem to see a little further than most people's. It was only a year ago that he went to India, and the appointment, it will be remembered, was not received with unmixed applause, while the only reasons forthcoming therefor were that he had distinguished hereditary connections with the "brightest jewel of the Crown," and that it was all in accordance with the strongly expressed wish of the late King. King Edward, indeed, had an immense opinion of the then Sir Charles Hardinge's diplomatic abilities. He was taken with him on nearly all his official European visits, and was chosen to accompany his Majesty as the representative of the Foreign Office when he went to meet the Kaiser and the Tsar. In Society the handsome, if, perhaps, for India, anyway, rather *too* diplomatic, Viceroy is very popular. He is a born courtier, has charming manners, and is a perfect linguist, while all the Kings of the Western world have conferred honours and decorations upon him. He is married to a sister of Lord Alington, and has two sons and a daughter. Should Lord Hardinge retire, his position, like all other vacancies of the moment, will probably be filled by Mr. Winston Churchill.

LORD HARDINGE OF PENSHURST

Photograph *Beresford*

Who is not unlikely to vacate the Indian Viceroyalty after the conclusion of the Durbar festivities

Sunday Afternoon in Society

Lord Crichton, heir to the Earl of Erne and organiser of to-morrow's carnival at the Holland Park Skating Rink, is distinctly a *personâ grata* in Society. Leisured, wealthy, one of the Blues, a much-favoured friend of Royalty, and not in the least preoccupied with such uninteresting things as politics or the like, this handsome member of a handsome family is entirely unknown to the man in the street. In Mayfair, however, he deserves at least a statue in his honour, for, as acting President of the Sunday Skating Club, has he not entirely eliminated "that Sunday feeling" which, even in the Best Circles, is apt to intrude, while can it ever be forgotten that his club hurls eligible young men and marriageable maidens together? Lord Crichton's skating rink has been patronised from the very beginning not only by all

SOME COMING APPOINTMENTS

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE BYSTANDER"

Photograph *Dinham, Torquay*

War Secretary **Indian Viceroy** **COMING PRIME MINISTER** **Irish Secretary** **Unionist Leader**

We have pleasure in making the interesting announcement that coming vacancies in various high offices are likely to be filled as indicated in the portraits reproduced above

débutantes, young married women, and Gaiety actresses, chiefly of the youthful variety, but also by the Household Brigade and crowds of elder sons, among them Lord Rocksavage, Lord Gifford (now Lord Tweeddale), Lord Titchfield (future Duke of Portland), Lord Cochrane, Lord Burghersh, Lord Ednam, and Lord Duncannon, as well as many others less well known by name. So far, however, its most startling matrimonial result has been the alliance between Lord George Cholmondeley and the ex-Mrs. Stirling, who is a most enthusiastic skater. Lord Crichton, who accompanied the King and Queen on their first Empire tour, married eleven years ago the Lady Mary Grosvenor, who is known as Molly to her intimates, the Queen among them. It will be remembered that Lady Crichton was, two years ago, the victim of a terrible hunting accident, which still necessitates her going everywhere in an invalid chair.

VISCOUNT CRICHTON

Photograph *Mayall*

President of the Sunday Skating Club

A Lonely Viscountess

One of the prettiest, tallest, and at the same time least known and photographed of our youthful peeresses to be is Lady Curzon, wife and cousin of Lord Howe's heir, and daughter of the late Colonel Montagu Curzon. Both Lord and Lady Curzon, neither of whom have reached their thirtieth year, prefer country to town. They reside chiefly at Atherstone, Warwickshire, and one of Lady Curzon's few appearances at big London gatherings is at the Duchess of Sutherland's big "homespun" garden-party each summer, when, a vision of "rose-pink" youth, she presides at one or other of the stalls. Lady Curzon has golden hair and a skin truly of lilies and roses. She wears charming clothes, and at the last Stafford House garden-party was conspicuously well dressed in a floating rose-pink chiffon coat over a gown of exquisite muslin and lace.

An Unmarried Hostess

Miss Muriel Wilson, daughter of the great Hull shipowner, the late Mr. Arthur Wilson, occupies a position in Society that can only be described as unique. Exceedingly handsome, sporting, clever, a brilliant conversationalist, she goes everywhere, and at Tranby Croft, at Mrs. Arthur Wilson's Town house in Charles Street, and at their villa on the Riviera, helps play hostess with all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the young married woman. Royalty has always signalled her out for favour; for several years, indeed, there was talk of her marrying a prince very closely connected with the reigning house, and she is one of that select circle which pays periodical visits to Sweden as the guest of the Crown Princess, *née* Princess Margaret of Connaught. Miss Muriel Wilson is a keen racegoer, and, on the Riviera, not seldom to be seen at the tables, while one of her favourite diversions is the taking of long motor tours through Italy.

MISS MURIEL WILSON AND VISCOUNTESS CURZON

Members of the house party, which included Prince Arthur of Connaught, entertained by Mrs. Arthur Wilson, at Tranby Croft last week

A Pretty Débutante

One of the many young girls who skate on Sunday afternoons at Holland Park is Lady Rosabelle St. Clair Erskine, who has now left the care of her aunt, the Duchess of Sutherland, and taken up permanent residence with her father, Lord Rosslyn, who lives with his third wife, *née* Miss Vera Bayley, at a charming house on Maidenhead Thicket. Lady Rosabelle is Lord Rosslyn's daughter by his first wife, and up to now she has spent her time between Stafford House and the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Robert Vyner. She has inherited all her fair share of those good looks for which her twice-divorced, thrice-married father and his family are famous.

MR. CHAS. BROOKFIELD

Photograph *Beresford*

New Joint-Censor of Plays

Censor Charlie

Mr. Charles Hallam Elton Brookfield, whose appointment as joint-examiner of plays with the apparently overworked Mr. Redford has called forth such a storm of incredulous indignation, is the son of one of Queen Victoria's chaplains, who foregathered much with Thackeray, Tennyson, and other great Victorian lights. He is fifty-four—"not a

Theatrical Peer's Pretty Daughter

Photograph *Rita Martin*

LADY ROSABELLE ST. CLAIR ERSKINE

Daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn by his first wife (the lady who is now Mrs. Charles Jarrott). She has recently left the care of her aunt, the Duchess of Sutherland, and is now residing with her father at Maidenhead

chicken," as the vulgar have it—an ex-journalist, actor, and playwright, a Catholic, an anti-Socialist, a perfectly delightful man to talk to, and withal one of the kindest men that ever breathed. Very delicate and obliged to winter abroad, he is possessed of that old-world manner Woman loves, bends over her hand, and all the rest of it, you know, and has written in addition to the famous—or is it infamous?—"Dear Old Charlie," some highly interesting Memoirs and a charming children's book. He is married to the clever lady who wrote "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," as well as several excellent historical novels.

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The New Prima Donna

To be 5ft. high and only twenty and already what most singers are content to wait till middle age to be—a *prima donna*—think of it! Miss Felice Lyne, the new Hammerstein star, who in the somewhat shopworn *Rigoletto*, has suddenly burst upon a weary world, has a voice said to be as rich as Melba's and as clear as Tetrazzini's, and adds to both the unfailing charm of youth as well as much emotional freshness, sympathy, and marked dramatic powers. She is of Cornish descent, American birth, and Parisian training, and has that brown look—brown eyes, brown hair, brown skin—that distinguishes the American from the rosy English and the sallow Frenchwoman.

MISS FELICE LYNE (OF THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE)

Successful Prima Donna in "Rigoletto"

—•••—

The Composer of "Königskinder"

German London turned out in force last week for the first performance at Covent Garden of their distinguished compatriot, Professor Engelbert Humperdinck's *Konigskinder*, the much-anticipated successor to that sweetest and freshest comedy in music, *Hansel und Gretel*. Professor Humperdinck's special forte in opera, next to his successful method of writing in the Wagnerian idiom, is, indeed, the atmosphere he manages to produce of unsullied freshness and innocence, and his method throughout is to seek to preserve his orchestral texture just as it was first conceived. Humperdinck's folk songs are, of course, his speciality, so to speak, and it is said that he hardly knows himself now which are really his and which he has merely annexed.

HERR HUMPERDINCK

Composer of "Königskinder"

"Geese on the Stage!"

By the way, what is the state of art criticism in a country some of the chief newspapers of which heralded the first performance of *Königskinder* with the words "GEESE ON THE STAGE." Do those responsible for this sort of thing really think the popularity they seek atones for the disgust they cause?

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Augustus John and British Art

Once again it is the aggressive but impressive Augustus John whose name is writ large over the Winter Exhibition of the New English Art Club, and whose strange, hard strength, inevitable, too familiar Johannean women and tremendous force of rhythm are drawing all artistic London to the Suffolk Street Galleries. Mercifully, the latest female Johanneans are much less Johannistic than they were, and, indeed, in the great decorative composition, "Forza e Amore," which dominates the big gallery, the woman is almost pretty, while the most delightful thing in naked babies stretches arms to her. What one can do even with Mayors if one is only a Johannean may be seen in Mr. John's fine, if theatrical, Lord Mayor of Liverpool, which, I believe, gave frightful offence to Liverpool philistinism reared on the customary type of presentation mayoral dummy.

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN

Photograph *Beresford*

Much of whose work is at the Winter Exhibition of the New English Art Club

—•••—

The John Cult

Augustus John is the leader of a cult, and as such, of course, in these days of cults, very much a force to be reckoned with. His work reminds one now of the Ferrarese, Francesco Cossi, now of the Umbro-Florentine, Piero delli Francesca—now of some modern French masters. He has immense force, and loads of that latent energy the modern so often lacks. His colour is violent, forcible, Biblical, and the overwhelming directness of his art compels one and all to reckon with it.

Now for the Skis!

A GRACEFUL WINTER SPORT FOR WOMEN

PUTTING ON THE SKIS PREPARATORY TO STARTING

The bindings of skis are of first-class importance. Great care must be taken to adjust clamps and straps properly

LEARNING TO TURN

A SPILL AT THE FOOT

UPHILL WORK OF THE HILL

Photographs *Ward Muir*

THE FIRST DOWN-HILL SLOPE

AWAY ACROSS THE SNOWFIELDS

Switzerland is probably the most popular ski-ing country, although barely ten years ago the sport was almost unknown there. The excellence of the accommodation in the country is responsible for this state of affairs, though, of course, the snow is beautifully level, and a joy to travel on. The sport is becoming more and more popular with women, though for anything like an extended tour considerable stamina and physical fitness are required

A Strike of Spectres?

Spook of Sir Marmaduke: "The ghost business is not what it was. Look at the class of people we have to naunt nowadays"

BY E. MORROW

THE ROOM ON THE FOURTH FLOOR

A Mystery and its Explanation. By Ralph Straus

[Note by The Editor.—*Read the first page of this story aloud—on Christmas Eve, if you like. When you come to the dots at the foot, invite your friends (for a prize, if you like) to offer solutions of the mystery. Then, turn over leaf and read the solution. It will pass an agreeable hour.*]

THIS is not my story. I heard it casually, and am retelling it without permission. The Editor has been insistent, and for once in my life I will be unscrupulous. Why not? It is Christmas.

I do not know the girl's name. Let us call her Miss G. She was travelling in the year of the Paris Exhibition through Europe with her widowed mother. On their way back to England the two ladies decided to stop for a night in Paris. Their train ran into the terminus a little before eight o'clock one evening. They had dined in the saloon. Their boxes—three large trunks and a green bag belonging to Mrs. G.—were put on to a cab. Before whipping up his horse, the cabman altered the position of the green bag; he put it on the box beneath his feet. At the fashionable hotel to which they were driven, the two ladies secured rooms, the mother a large room on the fourth floor, the daughter a smaller room on the floor above.

Miss G., feeling tired, went to her room to lie down for a little. She promised to assist her mother to undress in an hour's time. She lay down on her bed and fell asleep. When she awoke it was ten minutes before midnight; she had slept for nearly four hours. She went down to the fourth floor, and knocked at the door of her mother's room. There was no answer. She went in. The room was dark. Miss G. turned on the electric light, and was surprised to find that the bed was empty and the room untenanted. Obviously she must have made a mistake, and yet she distinctly remembered that this was the number of the room given to her mother. She rang for the chambermaid.

"I am afraid I have made a mistake," she said. "I thought that this was my mother's room. Has a change been made?"

The chambermaid looked at her curiously. "Your mother? But mademoiselle came alone to the hotel."

Miss G. stared. "Why, it was surely you who took my mother's bag! We came together at eight o'clock."

The maid seemed completely bewildered. "Shall I ring for the porter?" she asked.

Miss G. nodded. A feeling of uneasiness had suddenly come over her.

The porter came up, and appeared just as surprised as the maid. No madame had arrived with mademoiselle. He himself had taken mademoiselle's two boxes to her room on the fifth floor.

A tiny pang touched Miss G.'s heart. Yet, obviously, it could only be an absurd mistake. In a moment she would be laughing with her mother. "Call the manager, please," she said.

The manager appeared, vaguely apologetic. Mademoiselle was not comfortable in her room? Anything that he could do? Some refreshment in her room?

Miss G. explained. Her mother had been given a room on the fourth floor. Apparently this room had been changed. Where was she now?

The manager's manner changed. His tones were still suave, but a note of incredulity would not be hidden. It was as though he were angry at being summoned to the fourth floor at midnight without reason. "Mademoiselle is joking?" he said.

It was then that Miss G. realised how frightened she was. "But my mother and I—we drove from the station. You gave us the rooms yourself! Yes, and"—she laughed nervously—"you said how sorry you were that we could not have adjoining rooms because the hotel was so full. And then—we wrote our names in the visitors' book."

The manager retained his professional politeness. "I cannot understand mademoiselle," he said, quietly. "Bring up the visitors' book," he ordered.

The visitors' book was produced. Miss G. examined it eagerly. Yes, there, four or five names from the end of the page, was her own, but it was sandwiched in between a Vicomte and a Mr. Wesley, of London. Her mother's name *was not there*. She went very white, and put up a hand to her forehead.

"Perhaps mademoiselle is tired and overwrought after her journey?" suggested the manager.

"But—my mother!" stammered the girl. "What does it all mean? I don't understand——"

"There is a doctor in the hotel if mademoiselle——"

Miss G. was staring wildly about her. "We must search the hotel. Perhaps she has found a friend. Or, she may be in the drawing-room. I am horribly nervous. You must help me."

The manager shrugged his shoulders.

They searched the hotel.

An hour passed, and Miss G. became frantic. The manager did everything that he could. He finally despatched the porter to look for the cabman who had driven mademoiselle from the station. At two o'clock the cabman arrived. Miss G. recognised him.

"You remember me?" she asked eagerly.

"But, yes, mademoiselle. You arrived at 7.45—alone. I drove you to this hotel. Two boxes."

"No, no. My mother was with me. There were three trunks and a green bag."

The cabman looked stupidly at her. "There was no green bag," he said. "I remember precisely. The young lady, thought I, must be American or English, or she would not be travelling alone."

The manager nodded his head several times, and put out his hands deprecatingly.

They got the girl to bed, and promised to send a telegram to England. The next morning Miss G., dazed, crossed the Channel, and was met at Charing Cross by friends as mystified as herself.

Nothing was heard of her mother.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED?

* * * * *

[*See next page*]

"The Room on the Fourth Floor" (Solution of the Mystery)

(*Continued from page 485*)

Here is the plain sequence of things. Mrs. G. went to her room, and almost immediately felt ill. She rang her bell. The chambermaid found her lying motionless on the floor, and summoned the manager. The manager fetched the doctor. The doctor made his examination, reported the lady dead, and hurriedly locked the door of the room. In the passage he whispered excitedly to the manager. They went into the telephone room and rang up a Government office.

In less than half an hour there arrived at the hotel a small army of men. You would have said that they were removing a large quantity of luggage, but when they went away Mrs. G.'s room was in the same state as it had been before her arrival. At the same time a chambermaid, and a porter, and a cabman were finding themselves considerably richer than they had hoped to be. One word whispered over the telephone had caused all these curious events: Plague!

It had been hurriedly decided, in the interests of the community, that Mrs. G. had never reached Paris. Paris, you must remember, was very full at the time. It was Exhibition year.

RALPH STRAUS

MR. C. P. ROGERS JUST AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, BEING PRESENTED WITH FLOWERS BY MISS IRENE GROSS AND MRS. R. D. DAVIS, REPRESENTING THE BOARD OF TRADE AT PASADENA

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC: THE GREATEST CROSS-COUNTRY FLIGHT

Sketch Map Showing the Extent of Mr. C. P. Rogers's Record Flight

The greatest cross-country flight on record has been carried out by a young American aviator, Mr. C. P. Rogers, who has travelled in his Wright biplane across the United States, a distance of 3,350 miles. Starting from the Atlantic coast on September 17, he reached the Pacific coast near Long Beach in fifty-two days. His actual time in the air was eighty-five hours, but he spent nearly thirty days in repairing his machine, which was smashed on numerous occasions. Storms also delayed him. When only twenty-five miles from the finish, Rogers was badly hurt, but pluckily resumed

A Dramatic Elizabeth

IN THE PRAYER SCENE IN "TANNHÄUSER" AT COVENT GARDEN

FRAU GURA-HUMMEL'S SUCCESSFUL DÉBUT AS ELIZABETH AT COVENT GARDEN

Probably the finest devotional outburst in all music is Elizabeth's Prayer in "Tannhäuser." Distraught at the disgrace of her errant lover, Tannhäuser, who is not among the pardoned pilgrims returning from Rome, Elizabeth falls on her knees before a hillside crucifix and prays for the release of death. As sung by Frau Gura-Hummel, the rôle was made highly acceptable to recent Covent Garden audiences

An Exchange of Letters between The Bystander in Paris

DEAR BYSTANDER IN BERLIN,—

WHAT did His Majesty the Kaiser think of the story that Madame Sarah Bernhardt was to marry Mr. Lou van Tellegem, the new Armand Duval of Dutch extraction? We are wondering here in Paris what Mrs. Lou van Tellegem thought of it, too, for unless rumour has been telling fibhoods, Master Lou married when he was eighteen, and became a proud papa long before he was twenty. He is not very much older now, but he has had time to get himself honourably acquitted of complicity in a very nasty little scandal here in Paris some months ago, and whatever else may be said about him, he is not at all a bad actor. By the way, when you come and stand by us in Pa is next time you must let me take you to the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. You will feel quite at home there, for the audience is always curiously international.

Parisians go and see Sarah Bernhardt on the first two nights of a new play. Then the foreigner in Paris, the Englishman, the German, the American, the South American, their wives and daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. Weltreisender (excuse my German), generally fill up the theatre, and no Parisians are to be seen there till dear Madame Sarah comes back from a tour again. Of course, there isn't any truth at present in the story of her coming marriage, and she has contradicted it rather angrily.

Do you know, dear Bystander in Berlin, that the glut of German waiters in the hotels of Paris annoys Frenchmen a good deal more than memories of lost Alsace and Lorraine? Do you know that if there really be a wish in Germany for Franco-German understanding at this or any other Christmas season, the first thing that ought to be done is to explain to German visitors to Paris that they are not the conquerors in a conquered land, that they need not talk German at the tops of their voices in public places in Paris, and that Parisians, being rather fond of their bright little town, dislike to be told constantly how vastly inferior it is to Berlin?

I happen to know the correspondents in Paris of a large number of the leading German newspapers. I meet a good many of them in the Paris theatres. They are, like myself, the guests of the management at the first production of new plays. They always forget that the managers of your theatres will before many weeks are over produce these French plays in German adaptations, and they are much too fond of walking about the corridors and telling everybody how much better Schosz und Dings can make an audience laugh than Dupont and Durand do, how much more admirably Dies und Dasz treat serious problems (Weltnaturfragen) than any French authors can treat them, and altogether how infinitely superior is the German stage to that in France. They are quite fond of adding that the dressmakers of Berlin improve very charmingly on the fashions of Paris, they laugh at French music, and laugh rather rudely, and although most of them seem to enjoy it in practice they are quite sure in theory that French food is much over-rated. I have not heard them say much yet against the old belief in French politeness, but they may have a good deal to say about it soon, in a good many syllables, too, unless they mend their own aggressive attitude.

I remember, not so long ago, that a group of German artists delegated a German journalist in Paris to make arrangements for a Franco-German interchange of pictures. German pictures were to be shown here; French pictures were to go to Germany. I was told by quite a number of notable French painters that one of my colleague's principal arguments for this artistic *entente*, which was to be the thin end of the wedge, was that it would be very useful for French painters to see what really good pictures were. He was quite surprised, I remember, at the irritation several French painters showed when he mentioned this as an inducement.

You know, dear Bystander in Berlin, a great deal more about the Germans than I do. Your inherent politeness will, I expect, cause you to reply that I know more about our friends the French than you have ever dreamed. That is why I presume on the knowledge you ascribe to me to warn you that if anything like a Franco-German understanding is ever to be possible, the way to get it is not, either literally or metaphorically, at the revolver's point. "Be friends with us or Donnerwetterblitzennocheinmal" is not the kind of argument that will appeal to Frenchmen, and let me whisper in your ear that courtesy and kindness to what you call Elsass-Lothringen and what Frenchmen still call "Alsace et Lorraine pays encore annexés" will do more towards an *entente* than any amount of bluster. Rightly or wrongly, France believes that Germany's friendship for her is the feeling of the boy for the ripe apple. But we are drifting into politics. A Merry Christmas, Bystander in Berlin, and *prosit Neujahr*.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"Conversations" and The Bystander in Berlin

DEAR BUT GRIEVOUSLY MISTAKEN PARIS BYSTANDER,—

YOUR romance of Sarah Bernhardt and Lou van Tellegem is an apposite parable of your vain reconciliation dreams for France and Germany. Mind you, I predict no evil. But consider the obstacles. On one hand, a genial, beautiful, fiery, attractive, imaginative Romano-Celtic celebrity; on the other, an unknown, pushful, pachydermatous, Teuton lover of twenty odd years. How will you marry them?—more troublesome still, how will you manage to keep them married a year?

That is the case with your political reconciliation 'twixt Madame S. B. de France and Mynheer Lou van T. von Deutschland. The disparity of age, race, traditions, culture, is prodigious. The wise world, which has had some experience of matchmaking, long ago saw in this disparity something inherently, irreconcilably, antipodeanly antagonistic. This is no reproach to either. It is not a disgrace that Madame S. B. de France has an ancient, settled, no longer expanding civilisation, content with its past achievements and its well-gained renown; and it is likewise no shame to Mynheer Lou van T. von Deutschland that, being hardly past adolescence and still growing, he is brimful of the undoubting cocksureness and inconsiderateness of youth, somewhat obtrusive in his pretensions, and generally plagued with the unfinished manners of a late arrival in polite international society. And though with infinite toil you may drag this ill-mated pair to the sweet waters of international matrimony, who will guarantee that their draught will be deep and long?

But, my dear Paris Bystander, I can agree with you in nought. Take your reasoning that mutuality of courtesy is essential to international amity. The very contrary is true. Bismarck said that two nations are never so polite as when both are intent on war. True, the rude, overbearing mien with which you charge us is incompatible with equality; but who wants equality? Equality, nothing else, is the real cause of international feuds. We don't quarrel with Portugal or Liberia. We quarrel with you, because you pretend to equality. When we have successfully hectored you into quietistic submissiveness, we shall cease being rude, and peace shall reign on earth.

This goal is, unluckily, still remote. The trouble is that it is still undecided which of the two, Michel or Jacques Bonhomme, has the right to be rude, and which has the duty to pocket the rudeness with thanks. When the relation of superiority and inferiority is definitely accepted and crystallised, quarrels will immediately cease. No well-bred man fights with his valet: he orders him, reprimands him, dismisses him, but does not exchange words with him. And when everyone knows whether it is France or Germany which is valet, conflicts will be impossible. Equality (more even than Liberté and Fraternité) is the plague of France; it is unknown between individuals, and utterly inconceivable between two ambitious nations, one of which has been fed on the Napoleon Legend and the other on Friedrich Nietzsche.

The ideal internationalised world of the future will have a Bureau at Berne to class States in a permanent scale of predominance and subordination. Every well-brought-up family settles this question. Whether England, France, Germany, or China will stand at the head of the scale will depend upon strength of fists, and not upon the humanitarian velleities of the matchmaking Paris Bystander.

Of the Paris Bystander's other errors I will only deal with two. You complain that Germans in Paris talk German at the tops of their voices. Would you prefer to hear Germans talking French at the tops of their voices? And as for exporting waiters to Paris, do you want us to export *Leberwurst*, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, or the Berlin police? Why do you not send French waiters here? In Berlin there are about seven French subjects, one being a protected Syrian, and the other a princely law student from Senegal, with a black face and blonde teeth. If France wants to impose her wealth of greatness on the outside world, she must take it from the stocking which lies under the mattress, and let the world outside have a look at it.

No, my dear Paris Bystander. The way to get a Franco-German understanding is precisely at your "revolver's point." Settlement of the question who has the brains and the physical force is the only way to ensure a happy marriage between Madame S. B. de France and Mynheer Lou van T. von Deutschland. Only when it's decided whether husband or wife is to get all the turkey's breast and the half of the plum-pudding which contains the real silver ring can such an ill-chosen couple expect a Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year.

THE BERLIN BYSTANDER

Registered design]

The BYSTANDER FOLIO
of
FANTASIE
in
Prose,
Verse
and
Picture

Concerning this Supplement

BY THE EDITOR THEREOF

WITH SOME CANDID CRITICISMS OF ITS CONTENTS

Why Produced—And When

THE Christmas part of this issue is, this year, presented separately from the usual, and Birthday, part. To tell the absolute truth, when the question of producing a Christmas Number arose, it was . . . well, you remember last summer? In that temperature we could not *see* a Christmas Number, far less think of one. Suppose, it was asked, we don't issue one? There were reasons against that course—reasons which wear shiny silk hats, smoke large cigars, and ride in luxurious motors. "Then produce any old number," was the next helpful suggestion. "Put it in a part of the paper that won't matter, so that people can either like it or do the other thing. If pronounced good, we can swell ourselves with pride; if bad, we can say it was a thing of no importance, thrown in as an extra, having no part or lot with THE BYSTANDER itself." There seemed wisdom in the suggestion, and

It was Resolved

THAT the Christmas BYSTANDER be separated, as it were, from the mother-country and given a measure of Home Rule. Now that the production is complete, I am bound to confess that very little trouble has been taken over it. I won't say it has been thrown together, but the pieces have certainly not been collected with any special care. Looking through the advance sheets as I write, I am at a loss to account for a number of them. They got into the office somehow, and, I suppose, went casually through the various processes which precede publication. But if you asked me to give a really lucid account of the history of any single item in the Christmassy part of the issue I could not do so.

***

Our Loose Supplement

WE have, for instance (as a loose supplement), a colour-plate of a youthful damsel with auburn hair reclining on a couch. She certainly reclined thus for some weeks in the editor's sanctum. Then she disappeared—abducted, we supposed, as seemed only natural. We next heard of her from our colour printer, who, on the telephone, said that the girl with the red hair was going on all right, and would be ready in the course of the week, but that she was a bit too yellow about the face, and would want toning down before pulls of her could be sent along. At first we thought we had been connected up mistakenly with a trafficker in white slavery, and thought the police should be informed. Then, suddenly, it dawned on us. Of course, the Presentation Plate! "Very well, tone her down, pull her up, and send her along," we sighed, ringing off. It next became necessary to fit her with an appropriate title. The literary editor had recently read a book called "The Dangerous Age." Looking at the picture of the girl with the red hair, he said that if there was one age more dangerous than another it was hers. . . . He titled accordingly, and as, from his expression, he obviously knew what he was talking about, we did not question him.

"When the question of producing a Christmas Number arose, it was . . . well, you remember last summer?"

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CHRISTMAS FROM THE UNDERNEATH

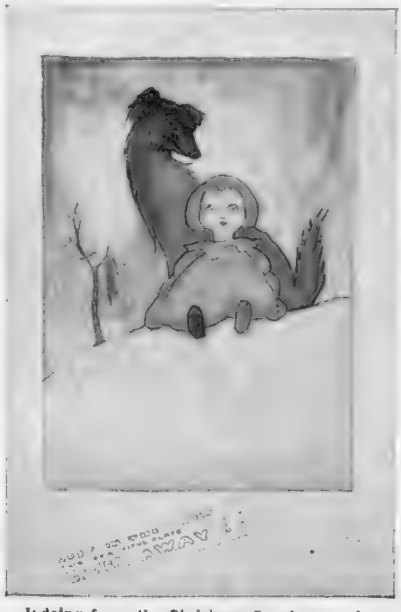
When the civilised Chinaman runs amok over our most treasured traditions

A PROPHETIC ARTICLE FULL OF SEASONABLE WARNING

Written and Illustrated by C. N. ROBINSON

IT is the manner of historians to gloat over suggestions woven from their erudite cobweb minds as to the probable uses of such relics as they are, with a tolerable amount of certainty, assured have not their origin in Appian ways of Birmingham or the Ayter-like retreats of Hamburg. It is also their quaint humour to ponder over the possibility of our own times, manners, places, and utensils being conned over, valued, and stored by some super-civilised descendant.

Perhaps the storing of fashion-plates may be evinced as a sufficient reason for our racial extinction to this supermanly descendant. It is always, however, farthest from his mind, the possibility of this happening in his time, and he will sleep, comforted in the knowledge that it will not happen in his time and not caring that his calculations bring its occurrence to about the time his probably numerous progeny is in its dotage. Neither does this affect the sweetness of his sleep.



Judging from the Christmas Supplements he would suggest that this hardy race was in the habit of placing its children out in the snowy wilderness with dogs

But there will come a sleeping time for him when the dust from his left rib may be part of a corner-stone in an Oriental orphanage, and we wonder what may be the result when the yellow peril, embodied in a warlike and civilised Chinaman, runs amok over our most treasured traditions, and the memory of Dreadnoughts and commercially competitive Teutons is buried beneath the lava of European combustion.

Suppose the Pompeian *débâcle* of England took place in the latter part of December, when for a few days we are forgetting ourselves in that ever-enduring season of goodwill to our fellow-man, and the speculation as to how much good we can get out of it for ourselves.

Suppose that England is immersed in lava at that gay time when halfpenny stamped envelopes interlard our daily post and garish calendars, blushing above grim poetry, pile our writing-tables. Suppose that we become fossilised in the act of groaning over Christmas presents and Christmas fare.

He will tell his pigtailed offspring of the great Mandarin who reigned over the Engleesh, one San-Tak-Laus

One can see the wealthy Oriental on his annual tour looking over these fossils of a bygone race proud in the possession of an old cracker advertisement, and he will tell his pigtailed offspring of the great Mandarin who reigned over the Engleesh, one San-Tak-Laus, and of the manner of his subjects' greeting one another

. . . a small card that was evidently placed in the doorslit of any person who needed more than an ordinary insult placed upon him

ever and anon with the significant prayer, Ahmeri - Krishma - sanda-appi-nuyar ! ! He will also show them one other most valued possession, a small card that was evidently placed in the doorslit of any person who needed more than an ordinary insult placed upon him.

In deep conclave at Hankow learned professors would consult upon the symbolic meaning of a dark round ball of a brown colour odouring of brandy, and not even in the 150,000 books of Confucius would they be able to find the reason for its existence. It would find its place in a Pekin palace as an Emperor's footstool.

The extinct mince-pie of the English would cause merriment to the pagans, as they would wonder why the two lids should have been constructed with the evident intention of pretending to contain something that wasn't there.

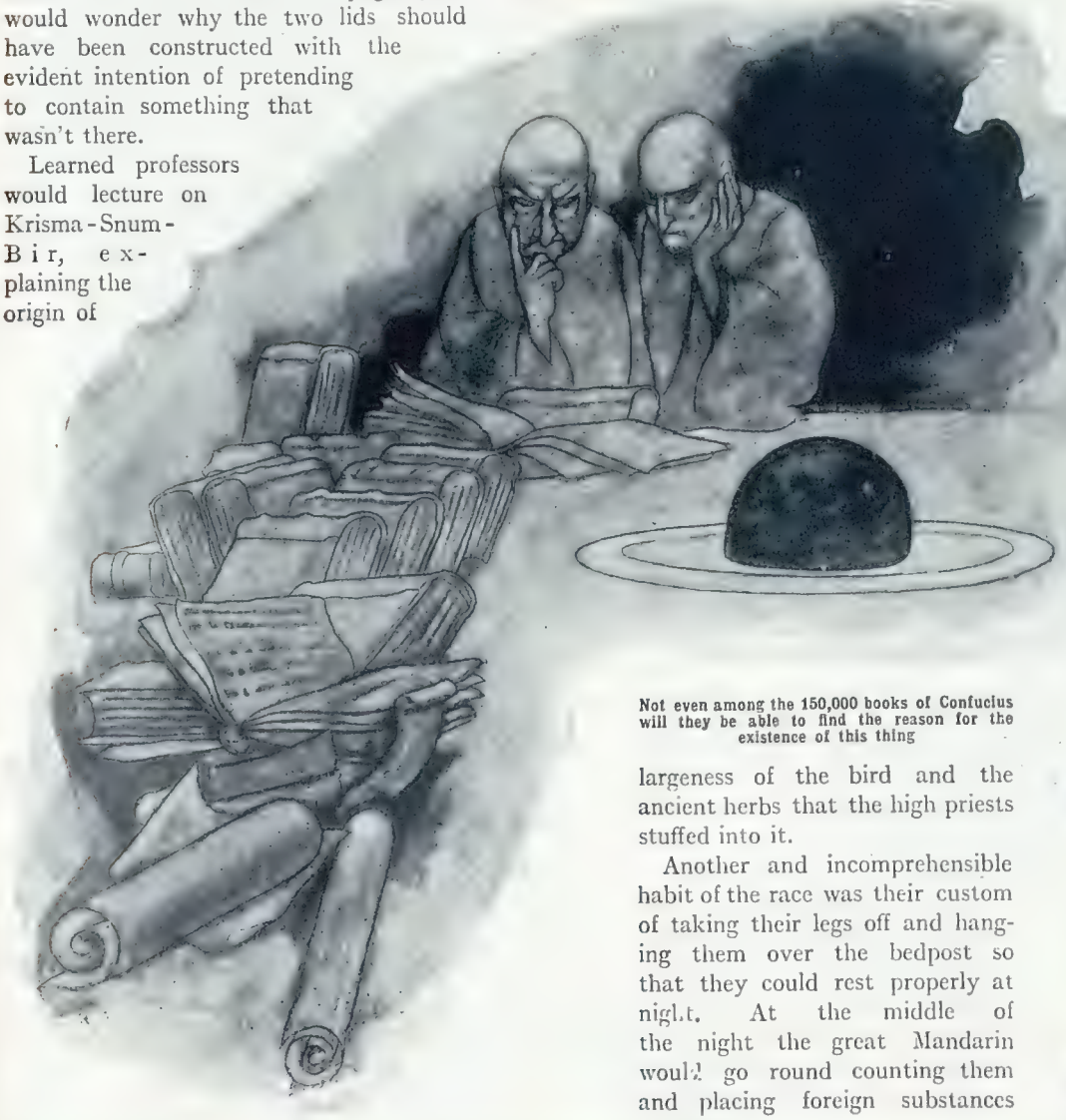
Learned professors would lecture on Krisma-Snum-Bir, explaining the origin of its name and the reason of its being published in the summer.

Learned Professors from the Pekin Universities would Discourse on the Krisma-Snum-Bir

Expatiating on the supplements, he would deduct from that that this hardy race were in the habit of leaving their children out in the snow to be minded by dogs.

The turkey was evidently the ancient sacrificial bird of the English, great merit belonging to the largeness of the bird and the ancient herbs that the high priests stuffed into it.

Another and incomprehensible habit of the race was their custom of taking their legs off and hanging them over the bedpost so that they could rest properly at night. At the middle of the night the great Mandarin would go round counting them and placing foreign substances in them.



Not even among the 150,000 books of Confucius will they be able to find the reason for the existence of this thing

The only time of the year when they took their legs off

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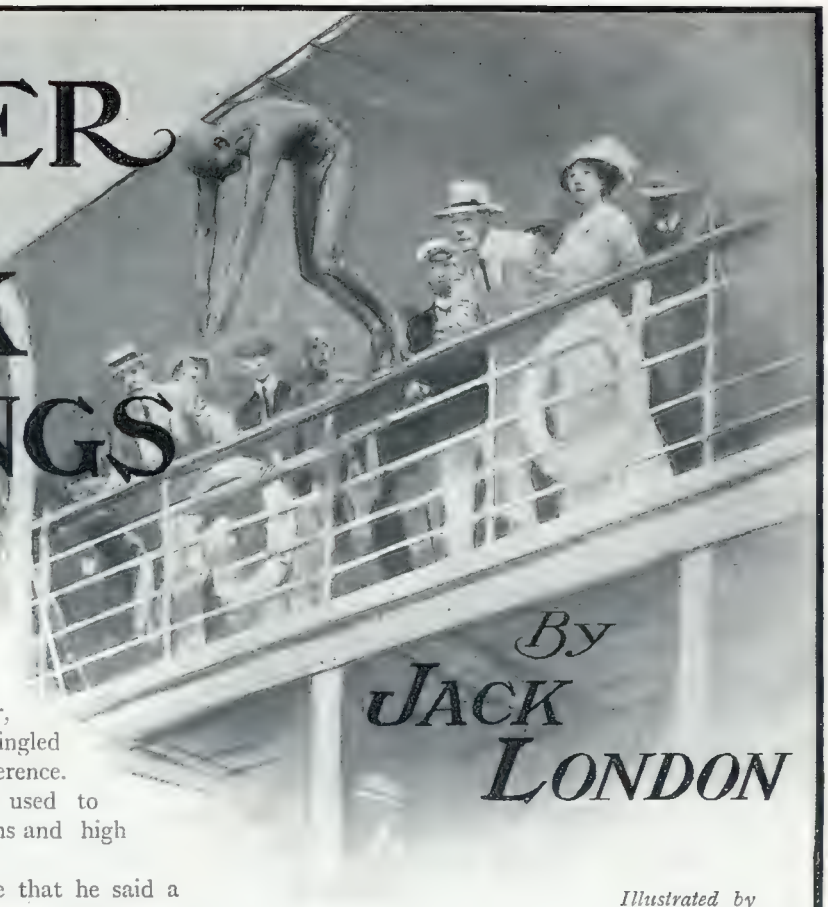
Under the Deck Awnings



By Jack London

Illustrated by S. E. SCOTT

"CAN any man—a gentleman, I mean—call a woman a pig?"

The little man flung this challenge forth to the whole group, then leaned back in his deck chair, sipping lemonade with an air commingled of certitude and watchful belligerence. Nobody made answer. They were used to the little man and his sudden passions and high elevations.

"I repeat, it was in my presence that he said a certain lady, whom none of you knows, was a pig. He did not say swine. He grossly said she was a pig. And I hold that no man who is a man could possibly make such a remark about any woman."

Dr. Dawson puffed stolidly at his black pipe. Matthews, with knees hunched up and clasped by his arms, was absorbed in the flight of a guny. Sweet, finishing his Scotch-and-soda, was questing about with his eyes for a deck steward.

"I ask you, Mr. Treloar, can any man call any woman a pig?"

Treloar, who happened to be sitting next to him, was startled by the abruptness of the attack, and wondered what grounds he had ever given the little man to believe that he could call a woman a pig.

"I should say," he began his hesitant answer, "that it—er—depends on the—er—the lady."

The little man was aghast.

"You mean . . . ?" he quavered.

"That I have seen female humans who were as bad as pigs—and worse."

There was a long, pained silence. The little man seemed withered by the coarse brutality of the reply. In his face was unutterable hurt and woe.

"You have told of a man who made a not nice remark, and you have classified him," Treloar said in cold, even tones. "I shall now tell you about a woman—I beg your pardon—a lady, and when I have finished I shall ask you to classify her. Miss Caruthers I shall call her, principally for the reason that it is not her name. It was on a P. and O. boat, and it occurred neither more nor less than several years ago.

"Miss Caruthers was charming. No; that is not the word. She was amazing. She was a young woman, and a lady. Her father was a certain high official, whose name, if I mentioned it, would be immediately recognised by all of you. She was with her mother and two maids at the time, going out to join the old gentleman wherever you like to wish in the East.

"She, and pardon me for repeating, was amazing. It is the one adequate word. Even the most minor adjectives applicable to her are bound to be sheer superlatives. There was nothing she could not do better than any woman and than most men. Sing, play—bah!—as some rhetorician once said of old Nap, competition fled from her. Swim! She could have made a fortune and a name as a public performer. She was one of those rare women who can strip off all the frills of dress, and in simple swimming suit be more satisfyingly beautiful. Dress! She was an artist. Her taste was unerring.

"But her swimming. Physically, she was the perfect woman—you know what I mean; not in the gross, muscular way of acrobats, but in all the delicacy of line and fragility of frame and texture. And combined with this, strength. How she could do it was the marvel. You know the wonder of a woman's arm—the forearm, I mean; the sweet fading away from rounded biceps and hint of muscle, down through small elbow and firm, soft swell to the wrist, small, unthinkably small, and round and strong? This was hers. And yet, to see her swimming the sharp, quick English overhand stroke, and getting somewhere with it, too, was—well, I understand anatomy and athletics and such things, and yet it was a mystery to me how she could do it.

"She could stay under water for two minutes. I have timed her. No man on board, except Dennitson, could capture as many coins as she with a single dive. On the forward main-deck was a big canvas tank with six

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feet of sea-water. We used to toss small coins into it. I have seen her dive from the bridge deck—no mean feat in itself—into that six feet of water, and fetch up no fewer than forty-seven coins, scattered willy-nilly over the whole bottom of the tank. Dennitson, a quiet young Englishman, never exceeded her in this, though he made it a point always to tie her score.

"She was a sea-woman, true. But she was a land-woman, a horsewoman—a—she was the universal woman. To see her, all softness of flowing dress, surrounded by half a dozen eager men, languidly careless of them all or flashing brightness and wit on them and at them and through them, one would fancy she was good for nothing else in the world. At such moments I have compelled myself to remember her score of forty-seven coins from the bottom of the swimming-tank. But that was she, the everlasting wonder of a woman who did all things well.

"She fascinated every betrousered human around her. She had me—and I don't mind confessing it—she had me to heel along with the rest. Young puppies and old, grey dogs who ought to have known better—oh, they all came up and crawled around her skirts and whined and fawned when she whistled. They were all guilty, from young Ardmore, a pink cherub of nineteen, outward bound for some clerkship in the Consular Service, to old Captain Bentley, grizzled and sea-worn, and as emotional, to look at, as a Chinese joss. There was a nice, middle-aged chap—Perkins, I believe—who forgot his wife was on board until Miss Caruthers sent him to the right-about and back where he belonged.

"Men were wax in her hands. She melted them, or softly moulded them, or incinerated them, as she pleased. There wasn't a steward, even, grand and remote as she was, who, at her bidding, would have hesitated to souse the Old Man himself with a plate of soup. You have all seen such women—a sort of world's desire to all men. As a man-conqueror she was supreme. She was a whip-lash, a sting and a flame, an electric spark. Oh, believe me, at times there were flashes of will that scorched through her beauty and seduction and smote a victim into blank and shivering idiocy and fear.

"And don't fail to mark, in the light of what is to come, that she was a prideful woman. Pride of race, pride of caste, pride of sex, pride of power—she had it all, a pride strange and wilful and terrible.

"She ran the ship, she ran the voyage, she ran everything, and she ran Dennitson. That he had outdistanced the pack even the least wise of us admitted. That she liked him, and that this feeling was growing there was not a doubt. I am certain that she looked on him with kinder eyes than she ever looked on man before. We still worshipped, and were always hanging about waiting to be whistled up, though we knew that Dennitson was laps and laps ahead of us. What might have happened we shall never know, for we came to Colombo, and something else happened.

"You know Colombo, and how the native boys dive for coins in the shark-infested bay. Of course, it is only among the ground sharks and fish sharks that they venture. It is almost uncanny the way they know sharks and can sense the presence of a real killer—a tiger shark, for instance, or a grey nurse strayed up from Australian waters. But let such a shark appear, and, long before the passengers can guess, every mother's son of them is out of the water in a wild scramble for safety.

"It was just after tiffin, and Miss Caruthers was holding her usual court under the deck-awnings. Old Captain Bentley had just been whistled up, and had granted her what he never granted before—nor since—permission for the boys to come up on the promenade deck. You see, Miss Caruthers was a swimmer, and she was interested. She took up a collection of all our small change, and herself tossed it overside, singly and in handfuls, arranging the terms of the contests, chiding a miss, giving extra rewards to clever wins, in short, managing the whole exhibition.

"She was especially keen on their jumping. You know, jumping feet first from a height, it is very difficult to hold the body perpendicularly while in the air. The centre of gravity of the human body is high, and the tendency is to overtopple. But the little beggars employed a method which she declared was new to her, and which she desired to learn. Leaping from the davits of the boat-deck above, they plunged downward, their faces and shoulders bowed forward, looking at the water. And only at the last moment did they abruptly straighten up and enter the water erect and true.

"It was a pretty sight. Their diving was not so good, though there was one of them who was excellent at it, as he was in all the other stunts. Some white man must have taught him, for he made the proper swan dive, and did it as beautifully as I have ever seen it. You know, it is head-first into the water, and, from a great height, the problem is to enter the water at the perfect angle. Miss the angle, and it means at the least a twisted back and injury for life. Also, it has meant death for many a bungler. But this boy could do it—seventy feet I know he cleared in one dive from the rigging—clenched hands on chest, head thrown back, sailing more like a bird, upward and out, and out and down, body flat on the air so that if it struck the surface in that position it would be split in half like a herring. But the moment before the water is reached the head drops forward, the hands go out and lock the arms in an arch in advance of the head, and the body curves gracefully downward and enters the water just right.

"This the boy did, again and again, to the delight of all of us, but particularly of Miss Caruthers. He could not have been a moment over twelve or thirteen, yet he was by far the cleverest of the gang. He was the favourite of his crowd, and its leader. Though there were a number older than he, they acknowledged his chieftaincy. He was a beautiful boy, a lithe young god in breathing bronze, eyes wide apart, intelligent, and daring—a bubble, a mote, a beautiful flash and sparkle of life. You have seen wonderful, glorious creatures—animals, anything, a leopard, a horse—restless, eager, too much alive ever to be still, silken of muscle, each slightest movement a benediction of grace, every action wild, untrammelled, and over all spilling out that intense vitality, that sheen and lustre of living light. The boy had it. Life poured out of him almost in an effulgence. His skin glowed with it. It burned in his eyes. I swear I could almost hear it

TO ILLUSTRATE "UNDER THE DECK AWNINGS"

"In the clear water, from the height we saw everything. The shark was a big brute, and with one drive he cut the boy squarely in half"

crackle from him. Looking at him, it was as if a whiff of ozone came to one's nostrils—so fresh and young was he, so resplendent with health, so wildly wild.

"This was the boy. And it was he who gave the alarm in the midst of the sport. The boys made a dash of it for the gangway platform, swimming the fastest strokes they knew, pell-mell, floundering and splashing, fright in their faces, clambering out with jumps and surges, any way to get out, lending one another a hand to safety, till all were strung along the gangway and peering down into the water.

"'What is the matter?' asked Miss Caruthers.

"'A shark, I fancy,' Captain Bentley answered. 'Lucky little beggars that he didn't get one of them.'

"'Are they afraid of sharks?' she asked.

"'Aren't you?' he asked back.

"She shuddered, looked overside at the water, and made a *moué*.

"'Not for the world would I venture where a shark might be,' she said, and shuddered again. 'They are horrible! Horrible!'

"The boys came up on the promenade deck, clustering close to the rail and worshipping Miss Caruthers, who had flung them such a wealth of backsheesh. The performance being over, Captain Bentley motioned to them to clear out. But she stopped him.

"'One moment, please, Captain. I have always understood that the natives are not afraid of sharks.'

"She beckoned the boy of the swan dive nearer to her, and signed to him to dive over again. He shook his head, and along with all his crew behind him laughed as if it were a good joke.

"'Shark,' he volunteered, pointing to the water.

"'No,' she said. 'There is no shark.'

"But he nodded his head positively, and the boys behind him nodded with equal positiveness.

"'No, no, no,' she cried. And then to us, 'Who'll lend me a half-crown and a sovereign?'

"Immediately the half-dozen of us were presenting her with crowns and sovereigns, and she accepted the two coins from young Ardmore.

"She held up the half-crown for the boys to see. But there was no eager rush to the rail preparatory to leaping. They stood there grinning sheepishly. She offered the coin to each one individually, and each, as his turn came, rubbed his foot against his calf, shook his head, and grinned. Then she tossed the half-crown overboard. With wistful, regretful faces they watched its silver flight through the air, but not one moved to follow it.

"'Don't do it with the sovereign,' Dennitson said to her in a low voice.

"She took no notice, but held up the gold coin before the eyes of the boy of the swan dive.

"'Don't,' said Captain Bentley. 'I wouldn't throw a sick cat overside with a shark around.'

"But she laughed, bent on her purpose, and continued to dazzle the boy.

"'Don't tempt him,' Dennitson urged. 'It is a fortune to him, and he might go over after it.'

"'Wouldn't *you?*' she flared at him. 'If I threw it?' This last more softly.

"Dennitson shook his head.

"'Your price is high,' she said. 'For how many sovereigns would you go?'

"'There are not enough coined to get me overside,' was his answer.

"She debated a moment, the boy forgotten in her tilt with Dennitson.

"'For me?' she said very softly.

"'To save your life—yes. But not otherwise.'

"She turned back to the boy. Again she held the coin before his eyes, dazzling him with the vastness of its value. Then she made as to toss it out, and, involuntarily, he made a half-movement toward the rail, but was checked by sharp cries of reproof from his companions. There was anger in their voices as well.

"'I know it is only fooling,' Dennitson said. 'Carry it as far as you like, but for heaven's sake don't throw it.'

"Whether it was that strange wilfulness of hers, or whether she doubted the boy could be persuaded, there is no telling. It was unexpected to all of us. Out from the shade of the awning the coin flashed golden in the blaze of sunshine, and fell toward the sea in a glittering arch. Before a hand could stay him, the boy was over the rail and curving beautifully downward after the coin. Both were in the air at the same time. It was a pretty sight. The sovereign cut the water sharply, and at the very spot, almost at the same instant, with scarcely a splash, the boy entered.

"From the quicker-eyed black boys watching came an exclamation. We were all at the rail. Don't tell me it is necessary for a shark to turn on its back. That one didn't. In the clear water, from the height we were above it, we saw everything. The shark was a big brute, and with one drive he cut the boy squarely in half.

"There was a murmur or something from among us—who made it I did not know; it might have been I. And then there was silence. Miss Caruthers was the first to speak. Her face was deathly white.

"'I . . . I never dreamed,' she said, and laughed a short, hysterical laugh.

"All her pride was at work to give her control. She turned weakly toward Dennitson, and then on from one to another of us. In her eyes was a terrible sickness, and her lips were trembling. We were brutes—oh, I know it, now that I look back upon it. But we did nothing.

"'Mr. Dennitson,' she said, 'Tom, won't you take me below?'

"He never changed the direction of his gaze, which was the bleakest I have ever seen in a man's face, nor did he move an eyelid. He took a cigarette from his case and lighted it. Captain Bentley made a nasty sound in his throat, and spat overboard. That was all; that and the silence.

"She turned away and started to walk firmly down the deck. Twenty feet away she swayed and thrust a hand against the wall to save herself. And so she went on, supporting herself against the cabins and walking very slowly."

Treloar ceased. He turned his head and favoured the little man with a look of cold inquiry.

"Well," he said finally. "Classify her."

The little man gulped and swallowed.

"I have nothing to say," he said. "I have nothing whatever to say."

JACK LONDON

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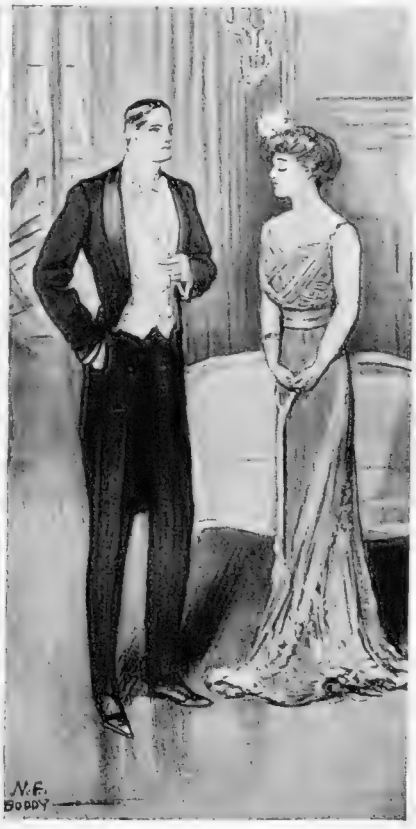

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The Girl through the Mist

THE STORY OF AN ADVENTURE—WITH SEQUELS

BY THOMAS TATTENHAM

Silhouette Illustrations by Charles Sykes
Coloured Heading Design by W. Spencer

ANGELA PENROSE smoked—cigarettes. That fact is stated in order that the reader may judge her conduct by not too conventional a standard of correctness. Smoke, as it obscures the expression of one's eyes, may also obscure one's sense of the conventionalities. That is, or is not, an advantage, and depends on the circumstances. Those of Angela Penrose, on the foggy December night in question, were as follows:—

Just outside Daly's Theatre. A crowd of motors, carriages, and cabs. Women in evening dress, anxiously waiting, cold, angry, and annoyed, while men excitedly searched for their conveyances. Angela stood quite alone, looking perplexedly to the right and left. Suddenly she moved forward and disappeared into the fog. . . .

Just about to enter a taxi-cab at the corner of Leicester Square, opposite the Empire Theatre, was a young man, also in evening dress, to Angela a complete stranger. To his utter astonishment, before the words "Clarges Street" were out of his mouth, he felt a tap on his arm, and heard a feminine voice say:

"Take me with you quickly—anywhere—away from this!"

He turned and saw Angela. Not very tall, she had light-brown hair, which curled over her head in fluffy ringlets; in her eyes was an expression of fright. She had on a light-grey opera cloak, and was wearing round her bare neck a necklet of diamonds—real or paste—and her dress was of a soft, shining, gold material of excessively fashionable tightness. The colour on her cheeks was natural.

"Lost in the fog?" asked Roland Heathdale kindly, when he had completely recovered his equanimity, holding open the door of the cab. He was a neat, fresh-looking young man of clear-cut features, about eight-and-twenty, wearing a close-cropped, fair moustache, and smoking a cigarette.

"No, it wasn't the fog," she said. "Mayn't I tell you as we go?"

"Why, certainly," said Roland. "Drive—oh, round about—anywhere," he told the cabman, "until I tell you to stop. Now," he continued, settling himself next to his fair and strange companion, "what is it, if it isn't the fog?"

Angela drew a long breath, and sank back exhausted.

"Thank you, thank you," she murmured, "ever so much. Whoever you are, thank you."

"Don't mention it," said Roland. "You don't mind smoke, I hope?"

"I love it—that's the trouble. It makes people—misunderstand. May I smoke too? Thanks, again."

"Where shall I drive you?" then asked Roland, a little taken aback at the fact (stated above) that Angela smoked, and wondering exactly what construction to put thereupon.

"Oh," said Angela, now quite at her ease, and puffing a little blue cloud before her. "I never thought of that. Where *can* you drive me?"

Roland's cheeks grew a shade pinker.

"I—I—don't know. Where do you live?"

"At Moreton Hampstead, Dartmoor," she said, simply.

"Good heavens! But where are you staying in London?"

"That is the trouble. Nowhere I can, or will, stay."

"Won't you explain?"

"Of course I will. I left home this morning to take up the position of companion to a lady—a Countess Ebbersham."

Roland thought for a while.

"Name quite unfamiliar," he said. "Bet it's not in Debrett. Well?"

"Well, I arrived—about six o'clock. We dined at seven. The Countess made me wear one of her evening dresses—look at it! Does it look like my taste?"

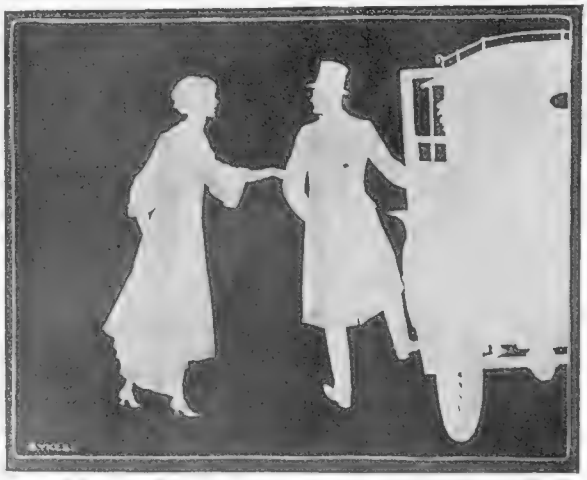
"I shouldn't think so. If your face betrays anything, it would be a taste for something simpler."

"Quite so. I loathe jewellery and gaudiness of any kind. But she made me—absolutely made me—wear this dress, and lent me these (pointing to her necklet), and these (pointing to her bracelet), and—oh, heaps of other things—and when I went down to dinner I found waiting there a man."

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Her husband, the Earl, I suppose?"

"No. She called him Mr. Simpson. But he didn't look it. He was, I suppose, a gentleman—a Society man. Oh, how he talked!" sighed Angela. "He knew everything about everybody, had been every-



"Take me with you—quickly—anywhere away from this"

where—at Court, and in politics and diplomacy, and knew all about art, and music, and sculpture."

"What was he like?" asked Roland.

"Very handsome, about forty, and distinguished-looking. Brown hair and moustache, wicked, laughing grey eyes—a fascinating man, I suppose," she added, with a look of feigned or real indifference, and a slight wave of her cigarette.

"After dinner an electric brougham was to take us to the theatre. I asked them to excuse me. But the Countess insisted. 'Mr. Simpson would be offended,' she said. 'Who is Mr. Simpson?' I asked; but she did not answer. 'He is staying in the house?' I asked. You see I'd noticed he had gone *upstairs* to get his coat and opera-hat. 'Yes, child,' she said, stroking my arm in a way that made me absolutely shudder. 'And he is simply charmed with you.'"

"My goodness!" ejaculated Roland. "I say, though, but what happened next?"

"We drove to the theatre, and he sat next to me, in a box. . . ."

Angela tossed her head as she paused.

"I see," said Roland; "and after the theatre?"

"She left me with him, while she went for her cloak. Then he, thinking, I suppose, that I couldn't possibly run away, went along the street to get the brougham. Finding myself alone, I just bolted in the fog. And here I am, in your hands instead of theirs." She concluded her story at the same time as her cigarette.

"And you've no friends at all in London?"

"None," said the girl. "I'm absolutely in your hands."

"Then, there's only one thing for it. You must go to an hotel."

"But I couldn't—like this, with no luggage, and no money. It's all at the Countess's—what I had."

Roland thought vigorously.

"I live in Clarges Street—or rather, I've a small flat there," he said. "But I don't propose . . . you understand?"

"Quite," said Angela. "I never thought it for a moment."

"No. What I mean is, that you could have the use of my flat, and I'd concoct some tale as to your being my cousin, or something, and get the housekeeper's wife to look after you. Then, in the morning, you could go back to—where is it?"

"Moreton Hampstead," said the girl, with a sigh. "If I dared. They'd never believe I'd done what I did do—never, never, never; or that any man could be so kind and so honourable as you, Mr——"

"Heathdale—Roland Heathdale."

"Mr. Heathdale," said Angela, pronouncing the name with the fullest possible euphony. "What a pretty name!"

Another slight accretion of pink to Roland's cheek, and, for the first time, a slight tremble in the cardiac region.

"I am honourable, Miss——"

"Penrose," said Angela.

"Miss Penrose. I am honourable, despite my profession."

"What is that?"

"Spying."

Angela's eyes opened, and her mouth, too.

"Spying? How frightfully interesting. What sort?"

"Respectable spying," said Roland, with a laugh. "I'm a commercial attaché abroad, on leave because I did my work too well. In disgrace, if you like, and jolly hard-up into the bargain. Now you know the sort of man you've come to for deliverance."

"I expect you're a bad spy," said Angela, more and more at her ease. "Nobody could possibly distrust you enough to give you dirty work to do. You look the soul of honour and—and simplicity. Where did you get into disgrace?"

"Posen—that's German Poland. They accused me of encouraging anti-Prussian movements, and I couldn't get out of it, because I did—at the instance of my Chief. But they told me they'd have to disown

"But where are you staying in London?"
"That is the trouble. Nowhere . . . ."

me if I was found out. And they have. So here I am—on a severely limited allowance from my pater, which may stop at any moment. Here is Clarges Street, and my flat is a few yards up. Now I'll leave you—in charge of the housekeeper's wife, who lives downstairs."

Before he left her, in the happy conditions suggested, she said to him, as though she had been thinking it over:

"Tell me—how could you get reinstated?"

Roland looked up, then down, glumly.

"There is only one man who could do it, and that's the Secretary of State."

"When I owe a debt," said Angela, "I repay it. I suppose there *are* people who know the Secretary of State?"

"I suppose so. Mr. Simpson, for instance," laughed Roland, as he opened the door of the cab, and held out his hand. "He does, didn't you say?"

"I am sure his name isn't Simpson," said Angela, evasively.

Next morning, at a little before ten, Roland came out of his club and walked towards Clarges Street.

"Ah," to the hall porter; "is my cousin down yet?"

"Your cousin, sir? The lady? Didn't you know she'd gone, sir?"

Roland stood still in amazement.

"Gone? Did she leave a message?"

"Only smiled and thanked me, and said 'Good morning.' Maybe there's a note in the flat, sir!"

Roland took the lift immediately, and entered his flat. Nothing save an unmade bed told aught of the tale of yesternight, and the bed looked as though itself in doubt as to whether it had been slept in, so slight was its outward disturbance.

"Clean gone, and without a word," said Roland. "Well, I'm—damned. What gratitude!" But where? To Moreton—what was it? She had no money. Where else, then? But who was to understand a woman—especially one who smoked?

"Reinstated, by Jove!"

He snatched up the A.B.C. guide and turned to Moreton Hampstead.

"Nine-fifty!" he exclaimed. "That's what she's done. Caught the nine-fifty home, afraid to meet me in the cold of morning. Possibly she's had the nerve to go in and pawn the necklace for her railway fare. Ah, well," he sighed. "Moreton Hampstead. One day—perhaps."

And the vision came to his mind of sullen brown tors, and rolling white mists, and, walking or riding across them, perhaps, into the vague distance, a fresh-faced, rosy Angela, in tweeds and tam-o'-shanter—smoking, possibly, even there!

Ultimately, resigned to the anticipation of that gladsome day, he found his way to the club. Acquaintances, noticing him to be more than usually *distrait*, presumed that his reinstatement still hung fire, while the waiter was pained at his more than usually ferocious reference to the absence of what was eatable from the menu. And so for the rest of the gloomiest December day he had ever lived through.

As the days wore on towards Christmas, one morning there lay on his breakfast-table a letter bearing on the face of the envelope the magic letters O.H.M.S., and on the back the official crest. Roland opened it tremblingly, read it, threw it up in the air, caught it again, and said he was absolutely damned.

"Reinstated, by Jove! It's too good to be true!"

He read and re-read the official letter, which was from the Private Secretary to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

"I am directed to inform you that the Secretary of State has decided to reinstate you in the service, and that you will proceed, on or about the 1st January next, to report yourself to the Embassy in Rome for confidential duty on the Austro-Italian frontier at Riva."

Leaving his breakfast, he lay back in his chair to try and puzzle it out. Why this sudden and unexpected restoration to official favour? Then, suddenly, there came to his mind the last word spoken to him by Angela that amazing night.

"I suppose there are people who know the Secretary of State." And he had jokingly mentioned "Mr. Simpson."

In a second all his joy vanished like smoke.

What, he asked, rising from the chair, had been the influence by which he had retrieved his fortune? Moreton Hampstead? He wondered, was Angela there at all? Hateful, incredible thought—could she possibly, out of mad quixotism, not have caught the nine-fifty that morning at all; could she instead—but the thought was unthinkable. There was only one way to find that out; he would catch the train himself that very morning. It was now only half-past eight. In three-quarters of an hour he would be packed and ready. By dusk he would be at Moreton; by evening he would know the best or the worst. He would see Angela, and put it to her face to face.

Roland reached Moreton in perfect comfort; he settled himself cosily in the village inn. But when he found that the Penroses lived two miles out, towards the moor, and that the family consisted of a father (formerly in the Navy), three daughters, and a nearly grown-up son, his courage deserted him. What tale was he, he asked himself, to pitch—a stranger from London going to inquire for one of the three daughters?

"Young Penrose sometimes coom down along o' night for a glass or two when he'm home for Christmas," volunteered the innkeeper, as Roland still sat a-scheming. "If he coom to-night, perhaps you'd like me to give you the tip. He like a game of billiards."

Roland brightened.

"Rather!" he said. "The very thing. Thanks ever so much."

At about nine that evening, a young man of twenty or so, in a rough ulster, did swagger into the inn

parlour and call for a whisky hot and, shaking the damp from it, threw off his coat and sat down in a chair. One glance revealed to Roland the likeness between the boy and Angela, and it was not long before they opened conversation, exchanged drinks, and turned into the billiard-room for a "hundred up."

Between the strokes, which neither played with special care, young Penrose, with three glasses of whisky inside him, waxed communicative. It was a dull life, he admitted, one boy and three sisters, two of whom couldn't, and the other wouldn't, get married.

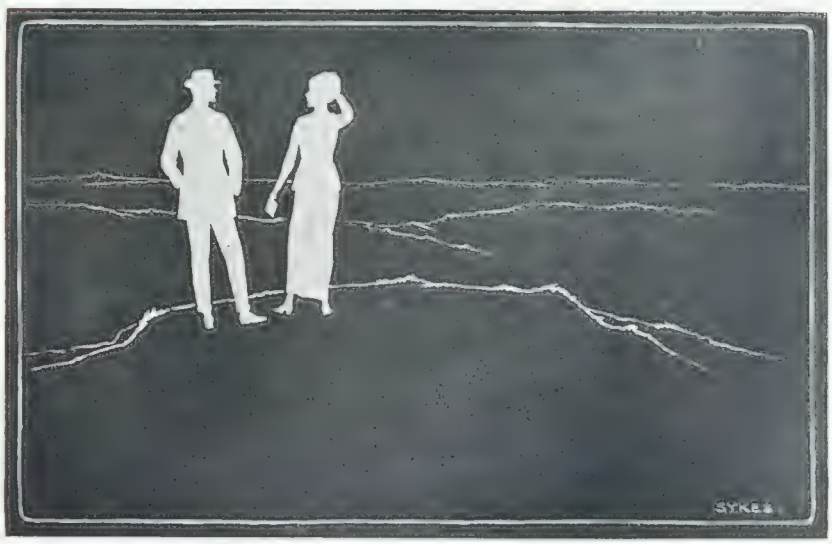
"Tell me," said Roland, who at that juncture was entering his sixties on the scoring-board, "about the one who wouldn't."

"Oh, Angela!" he said.

"Angela," said Roland, scoring five by pocketing red and cannoning. "What a pretty name. Tell me about her."

"Hankers after Society, and—smokes. Won't stay at home."

"Is she at home now?" Roland again cannoned—the lucky topic was bringing him a break.



"Illimitable . . . impenetrable . . . There is a look of that in your eyes, though"

"Rather. She's tried one companionship to a Society woman, and is now corresponding about another. The first one turned out all wrong. A Countess Somebody. Her temper was so bad that Angie could only stand her two days and two nights."

"*Two* nights?"

"Yes," said the boy, unsuspectingly. "Went up to town on a Wednesday and was back on Friday."

Roland chalked his cue furiously.

Friday? It had been Thursday morning that she had left the flat. Thursday night she had spent—where?

He played the next—an easy enough shot—and actually missed cue.

"Take it again," suggested young Penrose, kindly.

"No. I've gone suddenly off. Don't know why. D'you mind if I give you the game?"

"But you're winning, man, easily."

"Never mind. I'm off. We'll replay it another day. I say, will you come for a walk on the moor to-morrow, and—and bring Angela?"

"That's rather a notion," said the youth.

It was two and a half miles "up along" before he, next morning, reached the house. Young Penrose was awaiting him at the gate—alone.

"Angie can't come this morning. She has to wait for the second post at twelve-thirty, and to send back a most important letter by return. She'll come after lunch and meet us. We'll go 'up along,' and walk round along, and come back along, by which time her letters will be off along."

"Confound her letters," muttered Roland. Nevertheless, he did as the boy suggested, and, once breathing the fresh air coming from the Atlantic over the bare brown hills, he felt that the hours might pass not too slowly. They took a détour *via* Manaton and Widecombe, and after lunch at the latter, were "back along" at the appointed time. When Angela appeared she wore tweeds and a feathered toque, holding in one hand a cigarette, in the other a letter.

When she saw Roland, she stopped suddenly still.

Her eyes met his, half laughingly, half inquiringly. She looked perfectly straight into them.

"Thursday night?" asked his eyes as clearly as eyes could ask.

"Thursday night!" replied hers, as clearly as eyes could answer—eyes, certainly, of a girl who smoked, but not of one who was ashamed.

Roland gave way, and turned from her to another openness—that of the moor. They walked in comparative silence until they reached the brow of a tor.

"Coming up the rocks?" asked young Penrose.

"You go up, Charlie, and perhaps Mr. Heathdale and I will follow." But they didn't. Instead, they walked a little further on, and stood gazing across towards the higher peaks.

"How vast it looks," he said to her. "How illimitable. And yet we know that there is a Tavistock there and an Okehampton there. Still, it is good to look impenetrable, Miss Penrose," he said. "There is a look of that in your eyes, though. Like the moors, when you see them through the eternal mist. You know what it is I am trying to fathom."

She toyed with the letter, which she was still carrying in her hand. He wondered why she hadn't posted it if it was as urgent as her brother had said.

"I don't know," she said. "Is it me myself? Or merely something about me?"

"Both. To fathom you yourself might be worth a lifetime. But before I could start, I must needs know whether—whether——"

"Whether what?" She was getting out the inevitable cigarette.

He gave a gesture of irritation.

"Oh, don't you know? What became of you on Thursday? Unless you tell me, I won't—I won't give you a light. And you can't get one yourself in this wind."

Angela put the cigarette back into her case.

"You have got your reinstatement," she replied, appearing to change the subject. "When do you leave?"

(Continued on page 515)

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The Seven Cream Jugs

A LIGHT-FINGERED TRIFLE. "BY SAKI"

"I SUPPOSE we shall never see Wilfrid Pigeoncote here now that he has become heir to the baronetcy and to a lot of money," observed Mrs. Peter Pigeoncote regretfully to her husband.

"Well, we can hardly expect to," he replied, "seeing that we always choked him off from coming to see us when he was a prospective nobody. I don't think I've set eyes on him since he was a boy of twelve."

"There was a reason for not wanting to encourage his acquaintanceship," said Mrs. Peter. "With that notorious failing of his he was not the sort of person one wanted in one's house."

"Well, the failing still exists, doesn't it?" said her husband; "or do you suppose a reform of character is entailed along with the estate?"

"Oh, of course, there is still that drawback," admitted the wife, "but one would like to make the acquaintance of the future head of the family, if only out of mere curiosity. Besides, cynicism apart, his being rich *will* make a difference in the way people will look at his failing. When a man is absolutely wealthy, not merely well-to-do, all suspicion of sordid motive naturally disappears; the thing becomes merely a tiresome malady."

Wilfrid Pigeoncote had suddenly become heir to his uncle, Sir Wilfrid Pigeoncote, on the death of his cousin, Major Wilfrid Pigeoncote, who had succumbed to the after-effects of a polo accident. (A Wilfrid Pigeoncote had covered himself with honours in the course of Marlborough's campaigns, and the name Wilfrid had been a baptismal weakness in the family ever since.) The new heir to the family dignity and estates was a young man of about five-and-twenty, who was known more by reputation than by person to a wide circle of cousins and kinsfolk. And the reputation was an unpleasant one. The numerous other Wilfrids in the family were distinguished one from another chiefly by the names of their residences or professions, as Wilfrid of Hubbledown, and young Wilfrid the Gunner, but this particular scion was known by the ignominious and expressive label of Wilfrid the Snatcher. From his late schooldays onward he had been possessed by an acute and obstinate form of kleptomania; he had the acquisitive instinct of the collector without any of the collector's discrimination. Anything that was smaller and more portable than a sideboard, and above the value of ninepence, had an irresistible attraction for him, provided that it fulfilled the necessary condition of belonging to someone else. On the rare occasions when he was included in a country-house party, it was usual and almost necessary for his host, or some member of the family, to make a friendly inquisition through his baggage on the eve of his departure, to see if he had packed up "by mistake" anyone else's property. The search usually produced a large and varied yield.

"From his late schooldays he had been possessed by an acute and obstinate form of kleptomania"

"This is funny," said Peter Pigeoncote to his wife, some half-hour after their conversation; "here's a telegram from Wilfrid, saying he's passing through here in his motor, and would like to stop and pay us his respects. Can stay for the night if it doesn't inconvenience us. Signed 'Wilfrid Pigeoncote.' Must be the Snatcher; none of the others have a motor. I suppose he's bringing us a present for the silver wedding."

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Peter, as a thought struck her; "this is rather an awkward time to have a person with his failing in the house. All those silver presents set out in the drawing-room, and others coming by every post; I hardly know what we've got,

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and what are still to come. We can't lock them all up; he's sure to want to see them."

"We must keep a sharp look-out, that's all," said Peter reassuringly.

"But these practised kleptomaniacs are so clever," said his wife, apprehensively, "and it will be so awkward if he suspects that we are watching him."

Awkwardness was indeed the prevailing note that evening when the passing traveller was being entertained. The talk flitted nervously and hurriedly from one impersonal topic to another. The guest had none of the furtive, half-apologetic air that his cousins had rather expected to find; he was polite, well-assured, and, perhaps, just a little inclined to "put on side." His hosts, on the other hand, wore an uneasy manner that might have been the hall-mark of conscious depravity. In the drawing-room, after dinner, their nervousness and awkwardness increased.

"Oh, we haven't shown you the silver-wedding presents," said Mrs. Peter, suddenly, as though struck by a brilliant idea for entertaining the guest; "here they all are. Such nice, useful gifts. A few duplicates, of course."

"Seven cream jugs," put in Peter.

"Yes, isn't it annoying," went on Mrs. Peter; "seven of them. We feel that we must live on cream for the rest of our lives. Of course, some of them can be changed."

Wilfrid occupied himself chiefly with such of the gifts as were of antique interest, carrying one or two of them over to the lamp to examine their marks. The anxiety of his hosts at these moments resembled the solicitude of a cat whose newly born kittens are being handed round for inspection.

"Let me see; did you give me back the mustard-pot? This is its place here," piped Mrs. Peter.

"Sorry. I put it down by the claret-jug," said Wilfrid, busy with another object.

"Oh, just let me have that sugar-sifter again," asked Mrs. Peter, dogged determination showing through her nervousness; "I must label it who it comes from before I forget."

Vigilance was not completely crowned with a sense of victory. After they had said "Good-night" to their visitor, Mrs. Peter expressed her conviction that he had taken something.

"I fancy, by his manner, that there was something up," corroborated her husband; "do you miss anything?"

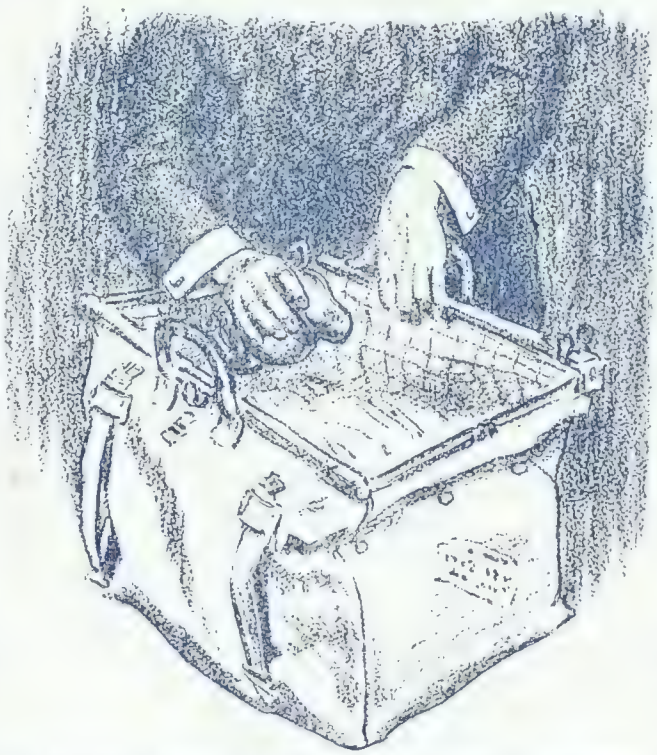
Mrs. Peters hastily counted the array of gifts.

"I can only make it thirty-four, and I think it should be thirty-five," she announced; "I can't remember if thirty-five includes the Archdeacon's cruet-stand that hasn't arrived yet."

"How on earth are we to know?" said Peter. "The mean pig hasn't brought us a present, and I'm hanged if he shall carry one off."

"To-morrow, when he's having his bath," said Mrs. Peter excitedly, "he's sure to leave his keys somewhere, and we can go through his portmanteau. It's the only thing to do."

On the morrow an alert watch was kept by the conspirators behind half-closed doors, and when Wilfrid, clad in a gorgeous bath-robe, had made his way to the bathroom, there was a swift and furtive rush by two excited individuals towards the principal guest-chamber. Mrs. Peter kept guard outside, while her husband first made a hurried and successful search for the keys, and then plunged at the portmanteau with the air of a disagreeably conscientious Customs official. The quest was a brief one; a silver cream jug lay embedded in the folds of some zephyr shirts.



"The quest was a brief one; a silver cream jug lay embedded in the folds of some zephyr shirts"

"The cunning brute," said Mrs. Peters; "he took a cream jug because there were so many; he thought one wouldn't be missed. Quick, fly down with it, and put it back among the others."

Wilfrid was late in coming down to breakfast, and his manner showed plainly that something was amiss.

"It's an unpleasant thing to have to say," he blurted out presently, "but I'm afraid you must have a thief among your servants. Something's been taken out of my portmanteau. It was a little present from my mother and myself for your silver wedding. I should have given it to you last night after dinner, only it happened to be a cream jug, and you seemed annoyed at having so many duplicates, so I felt rather awkward about giving you another. I thought I'd get it changed for something else, and now it's gone."

"Did you say it was from your *mother* and yourself?" asked Mr. and Mrs. Peter almost in unison. The Snatcher had been an orphan these many years.

"Yes, my mother's at Cairo just now, and she wrote to me at Dresden to try and get you something quaint

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Stage Struck Society

THE MODERN REFUGE OF THE NOBLE MAIDEN ALL-FORLORN

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON

Who has danced at the Palace Theatre and elsewhere in the sacred cause of charity

IN mediæval times the damsel of high degree who was crossed in love, or had other reason for thinking life a burst balloon, got her to a nunnery. At a later period she went in for hospital nursing or district visiting. To-day she goes on the stage, and preferably into the chorus of musical comedy. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*

In saying this I do not mean to suggest that Cupid had anything to do with the most recent secessions from Society to the stage. The ladies concerned—Lady Sydney Ogilvie-Grant and Miss Eleanor Montgomerie, daughter of Lady Sophia Montgomerie—have, of course, been interviewed and have explained their motives with great frankness.

"I want to be a chorus-girl," says Lady Sydney. "I mean to be happy, and I want to go where I shall meet all the merry, jolly people. I am tired of the social life. It is so dull and full of dreary people."

Miss Montgomerie continues the tale of woe:

"I am tired," she says, "of the usual round of house-parties and dances. I want a definite object in life—something more to do than merely amuse myself from day to day."

This "object all sublime" she achieved by joining the chorus at the Gaiety.

The candour of the two ladies is rather refreshing, though, incidentally, one wonders why Lady Sydney Ogilvie-Grant should assume that musical-comedy chorus has a monopoly of "merry, jolly people"?

Strictly, in a professional way, I have been much behind the scenes of theatre-land, and my impression is that life there is often sordid, squalid, and most uncomfortable.

I imagine that even a Mark Tapley in petticoats would find it hard to remain merry and jolly when kept rehearsing for fourteen hours at a stretch under a bullying stage-manager. However, that is Lady Sydney's affair, not mine.

. . . . .

Of course, one swallow does not make a spring, nor one Mayfair butterfly a Bovril factory. It would be easy to exaggerate the extent of Society's invasion of the stage, and the aristocratic player is not exactly a new bird. For example, there was Lord Rosslyn, whose impersonations were of a character hardly calculated to set the Thames on fire. Then there was Lord Yarmouth, while a year or so ago Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson nightly risked catching a severe cold at the Palace Theatre, though this was in the sacred cause of charity. Charity covers a multitude of—omissions.

Still, there are many more aristocratic dames and damsels "walking on" at the West End theatres than is generally known, and I foresee that the development of the craze for leading the "strenuous life" as a musical-comedy chorus-girl will lead to trouble. Indeed, I am surprised that so astute a manager as Mr. George Edwardes should encourage the Society super.

Will the Duke of Piccadilly and his followers be attracted to the theatre by the prospect of seeing the Lady Hermione Huckaback (if this isn't libel-proof, I don't know what is) in tights? I doubt it. Having met the Lady Hermione in a modern ball-room, they are not likely still to be curious about her figure. Besides, complications may arise; indeed, have already arisen. There was a very painful case only the other day.

Smitten by the charms of a new

THE EARL OF YARMOUTH

Who has appeared on the stage in America, and more recently over here at the Court Theatre, where he produced "The Pigeoncote," written by himself, in which our photograph depicts him

chorus-girl, Viscount Tololler —you know Tololler, don't you?—sent round a polite note inviting her to supper. The invitation was accepted, and Tololler waited expectant.

Presently there came a taxi, from which emerged his divinity, and then Tololler fell right through the swing doors, for in his charmer he now recognised his mother-in-law, the sporting, but no longer precisely youthful Countess of Covent Garden. Tololler has since given up his season stall at the ——, which means a serious loss to the management.

No aristocratic patron of the theatre is safe when he may innocently fall in love with his mother-in-law, or, possibly, with his own wife.

Then think of the Society chorus-lady as eavesdropper; the opportunities she will have of overhearing dressing-room confidences.

Photograph *Bassano*

Hon. Helen Scott Montagu, daughter of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who took a part in "The Girl in the Train"

There was a very regrettable scene at the —— the other night, owing to Miss Sally Snape confiding to Miss Dolly Jones that the magnificent new diamond bangle she was wearing had been given her by the Earl of Margate. Poor Miss Snape, how was she to know that Miss Jones was really the Earl's only, and rather shrewish, daughter?

There is no particular reason why an aristocrat should not be a capable actor. On the contrary, Mr. F. A. Vane-Tempest has shown us that he may be a very capable actor indeed. But we have heard little or nothing of Mr. Vane Tempest's noble connections. I don't suppose one theatre-goer in ten is aware that he is a grandson of the fifth Duke of Newcastle. Mr. Vane-Tempest has always succeeded on his unquestioned merits as a player.

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Adolphus Vane-Tempest, grandson of the fifth Duke of Newcastle, and son of Lord Adolphus Vane-Tempest, in "Lady Windermere's Fan"

Now, it may not be their fault, but undoubtedly there has been, in the case of these Society chorus-girls, a disposition to "boom" their aristocratic lineage. This is necessary neither for them nor for the stage. To them it looks like an attempt to curry favour with the public on the strength of an accident of birth; to the stage, because it is converting it into a raree show, the attraction being a noble scion doing nothing in particular, and sometimes not doing it particularly well.

As I say, the publicity attending the actions of these ladies and gentlemen may not be their fault; but, assuming the sincerity of their desire to lead the simple, strenuous life, to be numbered among the world's workers, they might have gone on the stage without anyone being the wiser outside their immediate circles.

Apart from the influx of stage-struck Society damsels, those walks of the theatre, where nothing more is demanded of the recruit than a pretty face, a good figure, a forty-guinea set of false teeth, and none too nice notions of modesty, are already crowded with middle-class girls.

In a great many cases these damsels pay to be allowed to go on, with the result that they oust girls who have to look to the theatre for a living.

I suppose that cannot be helped, but it is certainly a rather serious social symptom when you have large numbers of women in the position of ladies exhibiting themselves under conditions from which most nice-minded women would shrink.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

Miss Eleanor Montgomerie, daughter of Lady Sophia Montgomerie, who recently joined the Gaiety chorus

I have not made the insinuation that aristocratic ladies go into musical comedy because so many peers marry chorus-girls; first, because it is such an obvious taunt; next, because if that be their idea, then I am sure they are doomed to disappointment.

A peer may marry out of his class, but he is not going to marry a woman whom, in his heart of hearts, he regards as *déclassée* and a deserter of her order.

Meanwhile the call-boy is studying Debrett, and getting into trouble for addressing noble chorus-girls as "Your worship." N.W.F.

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

Earl of Rosslyn in "Trelawny of the Wells"

Bottled and Labelled at Last

THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL DESTROYERS PUT IN HIS PROPER PLACE

(BY BALFOUR KER)

A Vision of Youth's Allurements

"The Misogynist"

AT Christmas-time in sober mood
Beside my fire I sit and brood,
And see a panorama:
A long array of bygone fancies,
Dear Dollies, Minnies, Janes and Nancys,
In all their old-time glamour.

In days of old my heart was fiery,
My face alert, my figure wiry,
My dress of latest fashion;
And in our set I recollect,
We loved because it was correct
To simulate a passion.

Gone are those days, and memory dim is
Of midnight orgies spent at "Jimmy's,"
Of nights in Piccadilly:
'Midst bobbies we would run amok,
Or kick up shindies at the "Troc,"
Do other things as silly.

Beans are the food I now enjoy,
Hot water takes the place of "boy,"
My Christmas dinner's sago;
And while my loves—those radiant beauties
Are sunk in wickedness—or duties,
I live here—with lumbago.

As the procession slowly passes
I blink at each through black-rimmed glasses,
The girls I used to woo—
First Cynthia, who, in some backwater,
Declined me after I had taught her—
To flirt in a canoe.

Next I see Jenny, whom I rallied
With persiflage, the while I dallied
Across some public bar;
Her supple form, her manners frisky,
I used to think gave tone to whisky,
Made brandy taste "ten star."

She fades, and then comes Grace, Diviner
Far than poor Jane. 'Twas on a liner—
We paced the moon-lit decks;
Our souls, I fancied, met and blended,
But only till the voyage ended,
And then I loathed her sex!

Lolette I met one glorious week
Upon the Boulevards—looking chic;
Once more my heart was smitten,
She played me up then, then played me down,
Till sadly I came back to town,
A biter badly bitten!

Dora, I see, and oh, her eyes
I fondly thought could tell no lies
—With Irish laughter bubblin'—
She held herself beyond my reach,
Much finer pebbles strewed her beach,
So I came back from Dublin!

If I had been a peer, perhaps,
I might, like lots of other chaps,
When blue blood maidens bore us,
Have waited round about stage-doors,
Or in the stalls have yelled encores
At ladies of the chorus.

But everywhere I sought to claim
Some lady who would share my name,
I found passive resisters,
They wedded bores, they wedded cranks,
While my heart was declined with thanks—
My past is thronged with sisters!

My only solace now is this,
That they, so far from knowing bliss,
Have mostly cut sad capers,
And when in turn they reach the Courts
I revel in Divorce reports
In all the daily papers.

For now I know the softer sex
Do nothing much but ask for cheques,
And love to see you suffer.
So I turn round my little axis,
Content that I can pay my taxes,
A pessimistic buffer.

FREDERICK FENN

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

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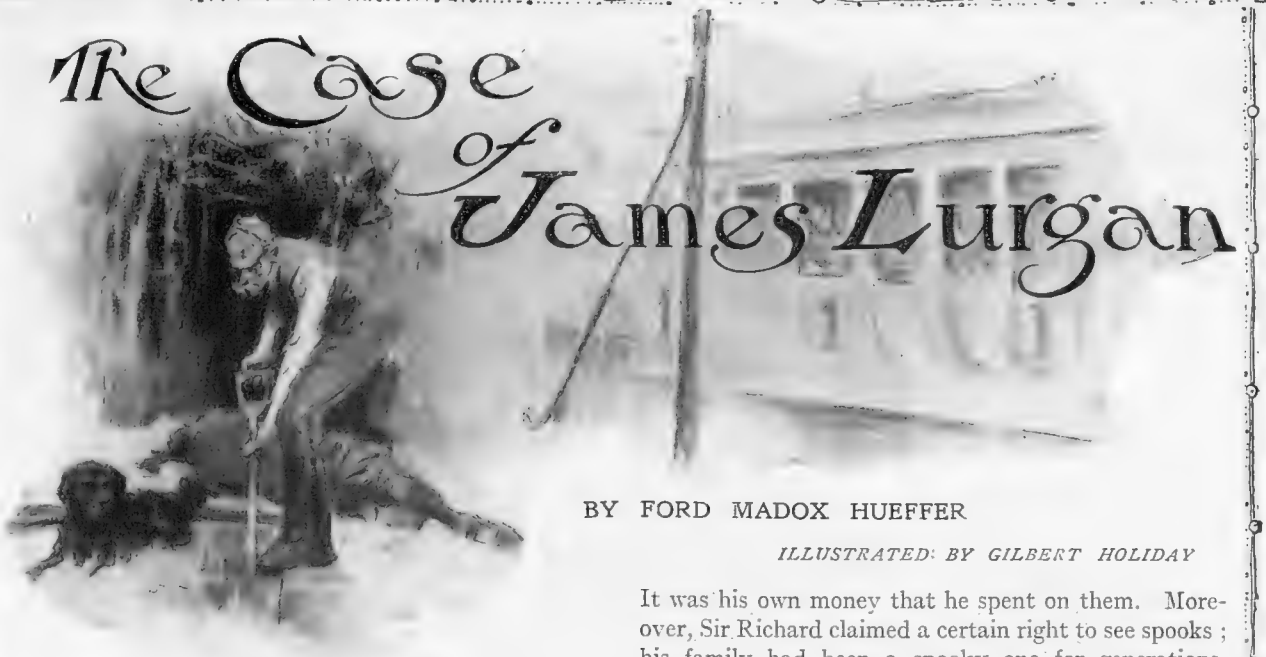
The Case of James Lurgan



BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

IT seemed to him that the train was slowing down a little—that it was even travelling slowly, and this was in itself remarkable. They were on the new piece of line that the railway had constructed in order to accelerate the express service to Liverpool. When a train said to be the fastest in the world slowed down, it seemed to him to be the natural thing to lean out of the window, for it was very hot weather, and the glass was down. And then the train stopped. It stopped so gently that it appeared merely to poise in the air, and yet a minute or so before he remembered that, looking at the telegraph poles, he had put the speed at eighty. He wasn't, however, jerked against the side of the window from which he was leaning, and he remembered thinking that, whatever might be said against the Company for not keeping the line clear for the most important express of the day, there could not be a thought breathed against their drivers. He only wished he had had some sort of foreigner there to point out to him the superiority of British railways.

He was going to the funeral of his late father's uncle, Sir Richard Barnes Raven Holmes, Bart., senior Alderman of the City of Liverpool, but he did not care much about his uncle, and there was nothing very particular to be said of him. He was a very rich man, but he had dragged the family name into positions of annoying ridicule because he had insisted that he saw spooks. It was a silly way in which to try to get notoriety, because Sir Richard was just a fat Alderman, quite a decent sort of man, his father having made the real pile—and, anyhow, the Raven Holmes were of good enough family, old Yorkshire Catholics, very old Catholics, though Sir Richard's father, a younger son, had become a Unitarian when he had gone into cotton. But there could be no doubt that Sir Richard had made the name seem rather silly in the last few years. About once a quarter, when you opened one paper or another, you had come upon an immense interview with Sir Richard Barnes Raven Holmes, Bart.—and Sir Richard would have been seeing spooks. He was president of half a dozen societies for unveiling the supernatural, and no one would have objected to that. It was his own money that he spent on them. Moreover, Sir Richard claimed a certain right to see spooks; his family had been a spooky one for generations. There were priests executed under Elizabeth, and Holmeses hung after the Forty-Five who walked in quite respectable numbers about the corridors of Craven Manor. So that no one would have bothered about his right to see ghosts, if he was a fat Alderman. Indeed, Edward Raven Holmes, who was in the train going to his father's uncle's funeral, had not bothered his head much about it. By right of primogeniture he was the owner of Craven Hall, which he let; he was a director of several respectable companies, and he attended several race-meetings regularly. That was about all there was to him. But there was a chap in the other branch of the family—a fellow called James Bastard Craven Holmes—who went in seriously for politics.

James Bastard Holmes was perpetually writing furious letters to Edward Holmes complaining that the uncle's spooky tendencies made the name ridiculous. James Holmes said that he was a public man, and that Edward ought to muzzle his great-uncle. Edward Holmes did not see why he should be called on to bother the old man. He did not himself believe in ghosts; the idea seemed to be silly sort of rot. At the same time, he did not see why his uncle should not be allowed to work off his liver attacks in that way if he liked. So he told James Holmes, whom he had never met, and whom he would not have known from Adam, to go to the devil—politely, of course, because he did not want rows.

. . . . . .

Coming down, so far, Edward Holmes had been in a pleasant frame of mind, only very slightly tinged with a proper melancholy. He imagined that his late relative had had a fairly good time of it, and now that the old man was dead he was glad that he had not even attempted to interfere with his innocent pursuits. He knew that he was coming in for a goodish sum of money, and, moreover, he was glad that he was going to the funeral by that particular way. The stretch of line had been only opened for about a month, and, although his interests in the line were fairly large, he had not found time to go over it, because he had been very busy with the summer race-meetings. As a director, he really should have been present at the

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opening, but he had wanted to see Queen's Favourite run. He thought that ought really to turn out a good horse, and he was always interested in the descendants of Equal Chance.

But the train had certainly stopped. Mr. Edward Holmes looked out. There was a little wood on one side of the line; the embankment had cut off one corner of a field running into the wood, so that, immediately below his eyes, the sunlight beat down into a small triangular piece of sandy land not much larger than a town backyard. The embankment on the one side and the coppice on two completely shut it in.

Then Mr. Holmes exclaimed in an inarticulate sound, and looked round for the alarm signal. It was at the other end of the carriage, and he felt too sick to get so far. The train was again travelling at an immense speed as if it had merely paused for a minute like a butterfly that had sampled a flower and had not found it to its taste.

Mr. Edward Holmes, who, following his profession, had travelled much by rail, had often speculated as to what he would do, supposing that whilst he was travelling in a fast train he should see a murder committed in one of the fields alongside. Now he had certainly seen it, and he hadn't the least idea of what to do! During the momentary stop of the train he had seen, below the embankment, and almost immediately below his feet, a very tall, very red-faced, but very spare man with sandy hair and a sandy moustache. The man was in his shirt-sleeves, and he was digging a hole in the sandy soil that had been thrown up by hundreds of rabbits from the bank at the side of the copse. The sunlight was very hot, and the man was digging very fast, but deliberately. Just beside the end of the hole lay his black retriever, his gun, and the light-brown tweed coat that he had taken off. This man was undoubtedly either a very superior gamekeeper or a small squire. And just beyond the retriever, the gun, and the coat there lay a body. It was in a sort of greenish tweed, with reddish cycling stockings. It lay grotesquely, the body crushing on to the left arm and one leg drawn up. But what had made Mr. Holmes feel so particularly sick was that the whole top of the head had been completely blown off. There was only a very black, large moustache, and nothing else but some nasty looking red stuff that was clotting in the sunlight.

The first odd thing that struck Mr. Holmes was that the cool recklessness of the murderer must mean that he was a gentleman, and not a gamekeeper. But for the unlucky accident of the train stopping, undoubtedly the murder would never have been discovered. He must have got the fellow to come there, have poked his rabbit gun right under the nose, and have let off both barrels at once. And the idea of burying the body in the warren was devilishly clever. You could rake over the sand so that no one would notice it in passing casually, and in two or three days, by the time any search was made, the rabbits, who dislike disturbances, would have scratched the spot completely over and have obliterated all traces of digging for good and all.

Mr. Holmes felt a little better, but of what to do he still had only the faintest idea. Either he must pull the alarm signal there or he must leave it until they came to the next stopping-place, which was about fourteen miles on—say, twelve minutes at the rate the train was travelling. From the next town he would be able to telegraph to the police of the village nearest to the place of the murder. Besides, the other chap was dead, and it was only a matter of catching the man who had shot him. Mr. Holmes would be able to identify him exactly—a chap in a brownish, rather old-fashioned shooting suit, a deerstalker cap such as has not been worn for nine or ten years, and an old-fashioned hammer gun—the broad muzzles alone could have blown such a broad path through a man's skull—carrying a rabbit spade and accompanied by a small black retriever, or it might have been a largish spaniel. No, there wouldn't be any difficulty in identifying the man. He had seen him too plainly in the sunlight.

And then it came into Mr. Holmes's head that the engine-driver must have seen these things too, and have stopped the train to get a better view. Probably the engine-driver knew what was the proper thing to do in the way of warning the police. And Mr. Holmes had the greatest faith in his drivers. He considered it quite proper that they should know, in such a case, better what to do than a director. But, what eyes and what nerves this driver must have—firstly, to see the murderer, then to stop the train at the very height of its speed, and to get it going again immediately at almost eighty miles an hour! Mr. Holmes was proud of his line, but even at that it hardly seemed possible to him.

And then suddenly the brakes were put on. The train ground over the metals, the carriages swayed and shook. It was a smart stop. A guard went running by as fast as he could go towards the top of the train. Mr. Holmes was rather far down. By the time he came to the second carriage there must have been thirty people surrounding a fat, consequential little gentleman, who was standing on the path beside the permanent way. Mr. Holmes heard him say:

"I tell you I saw it with my own eyes when the train stopped."

"You can't have done so," the guard said; "the train never stopped. It's been doing seventy miles an hour for the last nineteen minutes."

Half a dozen passengers exclaimed that the train hadn't stopped.

"But that's all nonsense," the other exclaimed, angrily. "My name is James Bastard Craven Holmes, and I'm Member for the South Riding. I'm not the sort of man to play monkey tricks. I tell you there's been a murder committed by the railway line, and the train has got to go back to arrest the murderer."

Edward Noble pushed his way through the passengers. He said, half to the guard and half to his cousin:

"Of course there's been a murder. I saw it myself. But, of course, the train can't go back; it's carrying the mails for the *Caronia*."

"I'm glad you recognise that, sir," the guard said ironically. He waved his green flag. "Now get on board there. We can talk about this little story when we get to Liverpool."

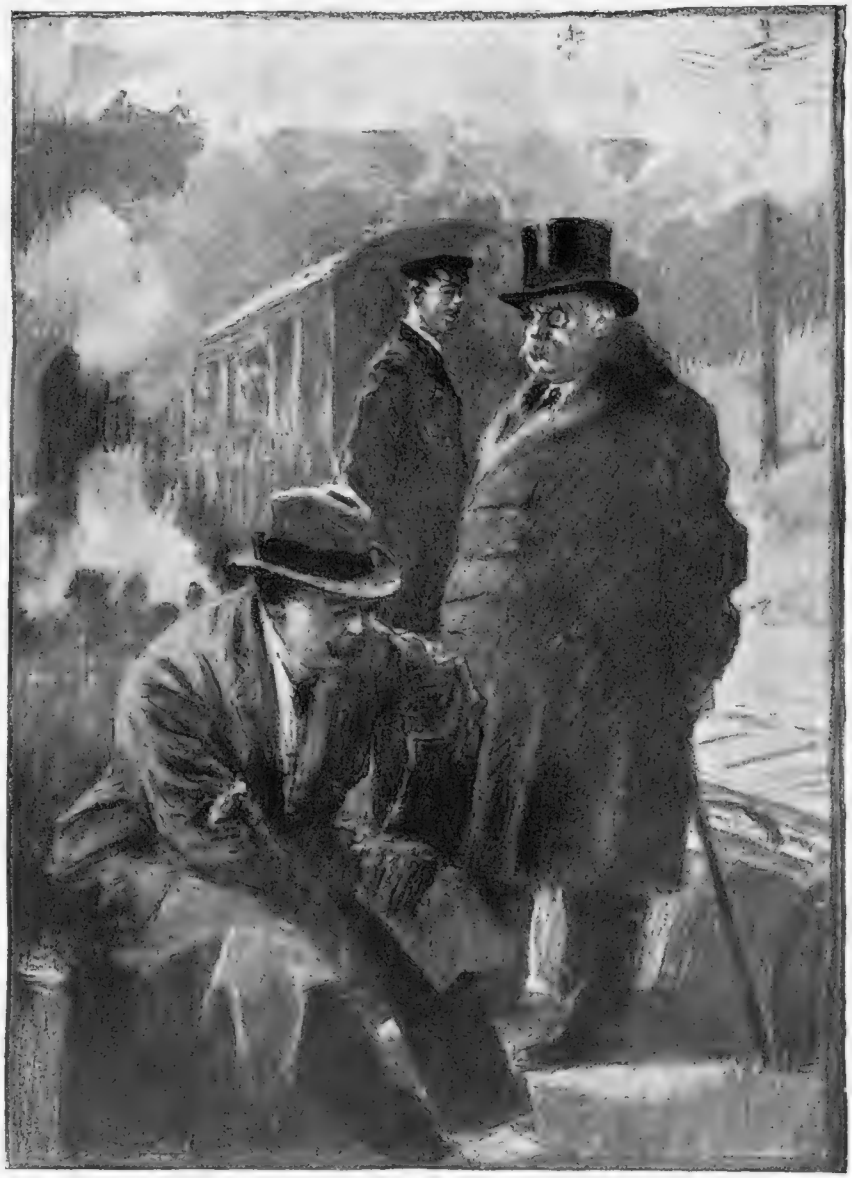
Mr. Edward Holmes pulled his little pass at the

(Continued on page 538)

A Tale of True Life: By Our Japanese Artist

(1.) One artist went to lonely place for make sketch.
And then one dirty and fierce-looking fellow come to his back.
(2.) Dirty fellow said: "Please give me some money." Artist very surprised about highwayman. Artist say: "I have not money."
(3.) Highwayman say: "Please give me clothes," and pointed a pistol to artist.
(4.) Artist, no clothes, could not go home.
(5.) But he find good idea.
(6.) Artist make clothes by colour.
(7.) Artist wait dark and walk quiet path back home, feeling very uncomfortable.
(8.) But he give keys with clothes to highwayman. Could not open door, because living alone.
(9.) So go in window.
(10.) He wash paint, but hard, take two hours.

Above story I am telling you is the truth because I have had experience of it in Italy.—R. Arai



"Eventually Mr. Holmes and his cousin James . . . were left standing on the line"

end of his watch-chain out of his little watch-pocket.

"I'm a director of the line," he said mildly to the guard, "and I'll request you to tell me what's the most sensible thing to do. There's been a man murdered in a field beside the line six miles back. Something has to be done. I don't quite know what. But, of course, you've got to get the mails there."

Eventually Mr. Holmes, his cousin James, a restaurant-car attendant, and a baggage man of the train provided with a red flag were left standing on the line. All the other passengers were bound for the *Caronia*, but from among them they were able to gather together four revolvers in case the murderer should prove nasty. For he had a gun, and he probably would not like to be interrupted.

The mail went on, and within two minutes they had stopped the local up train.

. . . . .

There was not the trace of a murderer, of a body, of a gun, or of a spaniel in the hollow, triangular space. The rabbits seemed to have been its only visitors for years and years. The sand was beaten down hot and hard by their innumerable feet.

Mr. Holmes looked at his cousin James, to whom he had introduced himself on the side of the railway line. Mr. Holmes was a Tory and a Catholic; his cousin James was a Radical Member and a Nonconformist, but they knew that in this matter they had to take common ground. "I shall be the laughing-stock of my constituency!" James exclaimed.

"My brother directors," Edward remarked, "will certainly say that it was champagne. Not that I care a damn, but I think we ought to look into the matter. We are too late to get to Uncle Richard's funeral now."

Mr. Edward sent the dining-car man and the baggage man back to the local train, which was waiting for them. There was, they were told, a village called Maundsley within a quarter of a mile beyond the copse. Mr. Edward felt that he wanted some bread and cheese and a glass of port. Mr. James felt that he didn't want to be left alone.

They pushed their way through the copse, two rather fat and perspiring gentlemen of over forty, proper heroes for a commonplace story. Presently they reached a roadside, white and broad in the sunlight. They had to push along the withies of the stake-and-binder hedge until they came to a stile by which they could get out of the wood. Mr. Edward, who was the fatter of the two, and wore a white waistcoat, sat himself down on the stile; Mr. James stood in front of him.

"Poor, dear Uncle Richard!" the railway director said.

"Damn Uncle Richard," the Member of Parliament ejaculated; "he nearly ruined my career."

"*He* used to see spooks," Mr. Edward said contemplatively.

The Nonconformist swore violently.

"There aren't any such things," he exclaimed. "This is an age of reason and progress."

The director slipped ponderously down from the stile. "Well, I'm going to see this through," he said.

"You don't suppose I'm going to back out?" Mr. James exclaimed.

They walked along side by side in the sunlight.

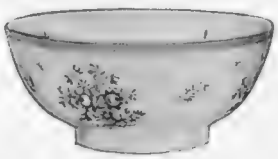
"You don't see things in broad day," Mr. James expostulated after a time.

"Well, I daresay you know more about D.T. than I do," Mr. Edward conceded amiably.

(*Continued on page 535*)

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

A little different from those found elsewhere



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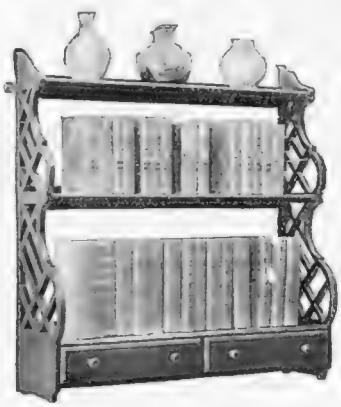

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"But the train *did* stop," Mr. James said. "You felt it do so as well as I."

"But thirty-six other passengers and two railway guards and a driver didn't," Mr. Edward said amiably. "After all, we're the same blood, and we were the only two of the same blood on the train. And we've always been a spooky family."

Mr. James had gradually become exceedingly white around the nostrils. He wheeled in the road until he faced his cousin.

"Look here, cousin Edward," he said, "I don't care if I spend a hundred pounds. I don't care if I spend £200 in tips. This matter has got to be hushed up."

"That's all right," Mr. Edward said. "There were ninety-six first-class passengers, five of them being American millionaires, four hundred and ninety-two second-class, and ten guards and train attendants. Say six hundred in all. That would mean six and eightpence apiece. I daresay they'd do it for that. It's about the tenth of the price of a vote in the thirteenth ward of New York. I'd have a try if I were you."

"Oh, what's to be done?" Mr. James moaned.

"My dear chap," Mr. Edward answered, "what's to be done is to find out what it's all about. Have you been yapping virtuous speeches from platforms all your life and not found out yet that honesty is the best policy."

"But to have it published to the world," Mr. James said, "that one is infected with that accursed taint."

"What accursed taint?" Mr. Edward asked innocently.

"Seeing things," Mr. James said. "My God! I know it's in the family."

"Oh, that's all right," Mr. Edward said; "with your political talents it'll turn you into the Home Secretary in no time. You'll save the country the entire budget for police, detectives, and bloodhounds. They'll just turn you on, and then you'll relate to an applauding House how you've been seeing things whenever a crime's committed."

"Edward, you're a brute," Mr. James said hoarsely.

"I know I am," Mr. Edward remarked. "I suppose that's why nature called in your younger branch of the family to redress the balance of the old."

They walked on until in five minutes they came to an old manor house, standing just back from the road. There was a shepherd leaning against the wall by the entrance to the drive. From him they learned that the owner of the house was called James Lurgan. He was the Squire, and the shepherd said that he was mortal ill, the shepherd waiting there to see if any telegrams wanted to be sent.

"Now you observe, James," Mr. Edward said, "the immense advantage of belonging to a large and healthy family. You never know when you won't find a friend in need. This James Lurgan is my father's mother's second aunt's grandson. In consequence, he's your grandfather's sister's——"

"Oh, damn all this," Mr. James said. "What's the good of the man to us if he's so ill he can't speak to us?"

"Well, I suppose he's got a wife, or a housekeeper, or a doctor, or a footman, or some chap we can talk to," Mr. Edward said.

They turned up the drive, which might have been fifty yards long, and Edward Holmes observed that all along the front of the old red-brick house they were pulling down the blinds.

"There's something up there," Mr. Edward Holmes said.

"Oh, you ought to have been called Sherlock," his cousin grumbled.

Just as they came up to the doorstep the door was opened by a youngish, fair woman, with an oddly dazed expression. She looked at the two men with her mouth open; then she let out another man with a longish brown beard, who was carrying a brown leather bag. He shook hands with the woman silently, and she closed the door. He came briskly down the steps.

"We want to speak to Mr. Lurgan," Mr. Edward said.

"I'm afraid you can't," the other answered. "My name's Organ—Dr. Philip Organ. What do you want? Perhaps I can help." He was walking them away from the house with a hand upon Mr. Edward's elbow. Mr. James followed forlornly.

Mr. Edward related their adventure with a simple directness. It made Mr. James squirm. He tried to explain that he was not nearly so certain of what he had seen as his cousin was. He said the train had been travelling so fast that, of course, objects became confused. The light of the sun on the sand-hill and the curious shadow of the rabbit-holes would account for a good deal.

He appealed to the Doctor for confirmation of this theory, and the Doctor, who was stroking his long beard, replied that certainly anything would account for anything. He asked them, however, to come home to lunch with him, saying that he would always be ready to do what he could for any connection of Mr. Lurgan's. Whilst he was changing into an easier coat and getting a wash, because he had been up all night, Mr. James carefully explained to Mr. Edward how the whole thing had been merely an optical delusion. The crystals of sand seen at certain angles in bright sunlight had the property of appearing blood red. He said he had read this in the "Encylopedia Britannica," and as the Doctor had a copy of the ninth edition of this useful work in his dining-room Mr. James spent some time over the article—Sand. Since he was unable to discover the passage that he required, he turned to the article, Optics. Still failing, he declared that he must have read the fact in a later edition of the "Encyclopedia," which he believed to have reached its twenty-seventh. At any rate, he was always reading about the beastly thing in one newspaper or another. And, as Mr. James approached nearer to a rational explanation of the sight that they had both witnessed, so he became more loquacious. Mr. Edward remarked four times, at appropriate intervals, that it was odd that so many thousand grains of sand should all lie at what he called the blood-red angle so as to produce exactly the optical delusion of a man in a greenish suit, with reddish stockings, a black moustache, and his brains blown out. At the fourth repetition of this remark Mr. James said that his cousin was distinctly vulgar. It wasn't a thing to talk about just before lunch, and he implied quite successfully that this lack of manners his cousin owed to the fact that

(Continued on page 542)

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Length 2 in., **15/-**

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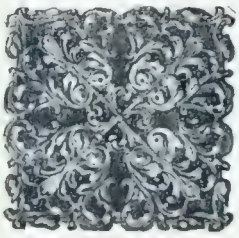

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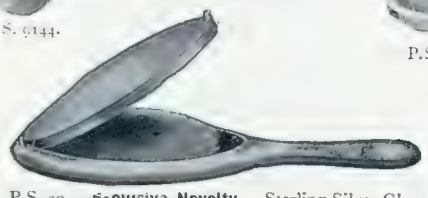

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Same Plants,
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Same Ingredients,
according to the
Same Secret Process
as of old and by the
Same Chartreux Monks
who used to make them in France, previous to their expulsion.

he had never sat on the right side of the House of Commons. He said that, considering his cousin's splendid opportunities, it was lamentable how little he had done with his life, and that to attend race-meetings was obviously the sign of a degenerate nature. Mr. Edward only replied that he supposed they would be burying poor dear Uncle Richard just about now, and that he wondered whether their uncle would be going on seeing spooks any clearer now that he hadn't got eyes. Mr. James said that that was a foolish remark; fortunately at that moment the Doctor came in in an old velvet coat. He did himself remarkably well, and he had the delicacy not to refer to any unpleasant subjects whilst they were eating. Indeed, Mr. James did not give him a chance. He was occupied in talking about the sincerity of the Government which he supported and the excellence of the House of Commons as a club. He assured them that the eighteenpenny lunch was the best in the world.

After the meal was over the Doctor made them each drink three glasses of port. He said they would need it, and he suggested that they should loosen their collars and ties, because it was very hot. Mr. Edward did;

"There was a shepherd leaning against the wall . . . waiting there to see if any telegrams wanted to be sent"

Mr. James didn't. The Doctor remained sitting, staring at the tablecloth in silence for quite a long time. Suddenly he said:

"Just about eight years ago to-day a chap came to this village to do some painting. He was said to be a distinguished sort of Johnny, but I didn't like the pictures, and I didn't like the man."

"Had he got a black moustache in the shape of an Indian water-buffalo's horns, and did he mostly wear a greenish cycling suit?" Mr. Edward asked.

"That's the man," the Doctor said amiably. "But he didn't do much cycling. He hung about the manor house all day. He got permission from Mrs. Lurgan. He painted the back and the front and a corner of the kitchen and the stable by moonlight. Well, you saw Mrs. Lurgan. I daresay you can guess what happened."

"What does Lurgan look like?" Mr. Edward said. "Is he a chap very tanned, with a sandy moustache and sandy hair—a long, sawny sort of fellow who you'd expect to see with a gun, a rabbiting spade, and a retriever?"

"It was really a spaniel," the Doctor said; "a bit too large to be pure blood. That was what Lurgan looked like nine years ago."

"A dangerous sort of chap to come up against?" Mr. Edward asked.

"Quite," the Doctor answered. "He didn't like the artist-fellow—I've forgotten his name—hanging about the house at all hours. Why, I remember I went in one day to take rather a bad splinter out of his right hand. His gunroom window commanded a view of the garden, and we could see Mrs. Lurgan hanging over the painter Johnny while he worked. It was a regular case. Lurgan was a morose, silently absorbed sort of person. They never saw much company, because he couldn't be bothered, but he was desperately attached to his wife. That's about all, I think."

"What's about all?" Mr. James exclaimed agitatedly. "What do you mean to imply? That the lady misbehaved herself, and that the husband shot the painter? It's outrageous; it's unheard of. What did the woman want? She'd a splendid establishment; her husband, you say, was attached to her. Why, my wife isn't any better off. It's this sort of thing that is the ruin of the country."

"Why, so it is," the Doctor conceded; "but it's what'll happen if you're a dull man and give your wife a dull time."

"My wife," Mr. James exclaimed.

(Continued on page 544)

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"what do you mean? My wife has the use of the carriage for herself every third day of the week."

"It's much too much," Mr. Edward said ironically. "I don't hold with pampering women."

He looked at his watch. "Well, then," he asked the Doctor, "what time did you say James Lurgan died?"

"I didn't say he died," the Doctor answered.

"Well, what time did he die, anyhow?" Mr. Edward asked again.

"He shot himself," the Doctor answered, "about eight o'clock this morning. But he didn't die just then."

"What was it?" Mr. Edward asked. "Remorse?"

"Oh, I don't think it was remorse," the Doctor answered. "I don't think he ever felt remorse in his life. But the fierceness of that sort of chap sometimes turns inwards—against themselves."

"This is a lamentable and disgusting story," Mr. James exclaimed.

"I supposed that was what it was." The Doctor ignored his remark. "That and the state Mrs. Lurgan got into. You see, the painter disappeared—completely."

"Well, of course, he would," Mr. Edward said; "but weren't there any inquiries made?"

"Why, no," the Doctor answered. "He hadn't paid his bill at his lodgings. And when a painter Johnny or that sort of person disappears and his bills aren't paid, the landlady just seizes his boxes and you don't make any inquiries. Besides, he owed a lot of money in London, and they supposed naturally that he'd just gone abroad."

"I see," Mr. Edward said, "and Mrs. Lurgan never heard another word from him? And she just moped for ever afterwards. So Lurgan shot himself after he'd stood it nine years. Well, I can understand that. I should have done it myself. He and I were blood relations. Blood's thicker than water." Again he looked at his watch.

"It must have been just about—just about twenty-seven minutes past twelve that he died," he said. "I daresay he was thinking about the murder pretty carefully just then; he'd have to be meeting his God in about a minute or two. It's the sort of thing to make you think hard and send all sorts of telepathic waves for any Marconi instrument of a brain that happened to be in the neighbourhood."

"It was just about twenty-seven minutes past twelve that you saw what you saw?" the Doctor asked.

"Just exactly then; the train was just on time, and I looked at my watch."

"Well, it was just exactly twenty-seven minutes past twelve that I felt his pulse give its last kick," the Doctor said.

"Well, well," Mr. Edward answered.

"But what does it all mean?" Mr. James almost screamed. "Do you mean to say that that murderer telepathised you and me? Do you mean to say that I've got the taint of seeing things in my blood? Is that what you mean? I tell you what it is. I'm going straight to the police. I'm going to stop this sort of rot. That's what I'm going to do."

"You'll have to go up to the manor house if you want to find the police," the Doctor said. "They're all there taking depositions."

"Mind you don't put your foot in it, Jimmy," Mr. Edward exclaimed.

(Continued on page 545)

SLEIGHING BY NOVEL MEANS, AND NOT ACROSS THE SNOWS

These beautiful Samoyedes are the property of Mrs. Cammack one of them having won the Championship and Silver Challenge Shield at this year's Kennel Club Show. They have been trained to pull the sledge driven by the little girl in our picture, taken on Hampstead Heath

OH—— H—— H—— H—— H—— H—— ! ! !

A STUDY IN FREEZING FEMININITY: BY NORMAN MORROW

"I'm damned if I will," Mr. James answered. "All these things can be explained rationalistically."

Mr. Edward remained to drink another half bottle of port with the Doctor, and, in about an hour's time, they went up to the manor house to see if they could be of any service to Mrs. Lurgan.

. . . . . .

They found the body next day without any trouble, and at the inquest a verdict of wilful murder against an unknown person was returned. Mr. James Holmes swore that he had seen the bones of a hand sticking out of the sand whilst the train was passing. As the body was found buried beneath four feet of sand, and was in a remarkable state of preservation on account of the clearness of the soil, and as the train was known to have been travelling at the rate of eighty miles an hour, this was regarded as a remarkable instance of clearness of sight on the part of the Member for the South Riding. It was, perhaps, on account of his services to the police that Mr. James Holmes was shortly afterwards given his peerage. No other service to the party could be found to account for this promotion, except, perhaps, that his second son was the godson of the Prime Minister of the day. Later on, as was natural, he showed distinctly Conservative leanings, and his comparative toleration of family spectres was proved by the fact that one day, meeting Mr. Edward in Pall Mall, he asked him why the deuce it was that the train had stopped.

"Well, you see," Mr. Edward said, "I suppose we were under the psychic influence of poor James Lurgan. And in that sort of state you lose account of time. Probably the last kick of his heart took about a minute to get through, and so we seemed to stand still for about that time. We were the nearest people of his blood in the neighbourhood."

"I suppose that was it," his lordship answered. He gave Mr. Edward two fingers of his left hand, and walked on up Pall Mall congratulating himself on the fact that, now that he had got his reward, it didn't matter what he believed or what he thought. Besides, spectres in the family are quite a respectable thing for a peer to have.

Mr. Edward married Mrs. Lurgan. He considered that he was very rich, quite alone in the world, and that his cousin, James Lurgan, had treated his wife rather badly. For he discovered that the Squire had never told his wife that he had murdered the artist. This struck Mr. Edward as being very wrong; he ought not to have left the poor woman for nine years under the belief that her lover had bolted and deserted her for the sake of a few debts. Indeed, as he fell gradually in love with Mrs. Lurgan, he began to consider that the whole thing was a striking proof of the intervention of Providence. Mr. Lurgan's soul had come wandering to the doors of his cousin's mind with the direct object of making atonement. It was to be presumed that it wanted at one and the same time to relieve his wife's mind by proving that her lover had not been faithless and to provide her with an effectual consolation. Besides, Mrs. Lurgan was a very beautiful woman, and whenever Mr. Edward Holmes looked at her her mournful charm filled him with the desire to give her a thoroughly good time. And he really did. . . . FORD MADOX HUEFFER

The Fearless Lover

"A very lovely girl rarely makes a good wife . . . . The plain young girl learns domestic work."—LADIES' PAPER.

Since a pretty maid is never
In possession of a brain,
Being neither kind nor clever,
But coquettish, dull and vain,
Much I marvel that my soul is
Not oppressed with grave alarm;
For Clorinda, on the whole, is
Well endowed with outward charm!

* * * *

He who chooses some ungainly,
Graceless damsel for a wife,
Who has been, to put it plainly,
Snubbed and bullied all her life;
Though she seems, before they marry,
Weak and timid as a mouse,
He may find she'll play old Harry
When she's mistress of a house!

* * * *

If Clorinda is unable
Or unwilling to prepare
Dainty dishes for my table
With unfailing art and care;

"CLORINDA"

If she cannot bake a biscuit,
Or compound a paltry cake,
I will marry her, and risk it,
For Clorinda's own dear sake!

* * * *

If her carriage is majestic,
I will not avoid a maid,
Fearing that she's not "domestic,"
But a proud and selfish jade;
Though her glances, true and tender,
May belie a heart of flint,
Yet I would decline to render
Trustful homage to a squint!

* * * *

Ever swayed at her caprice, men
Must be led by woman's "Looks";
Nor, like gluttonous policemen,
Only court efficient cooks.
I, Clorinda's loyal knight, place
Full reliance on the view
That her heart is in the right place,
Even though her nose is, too

ARTHUR STANLEY

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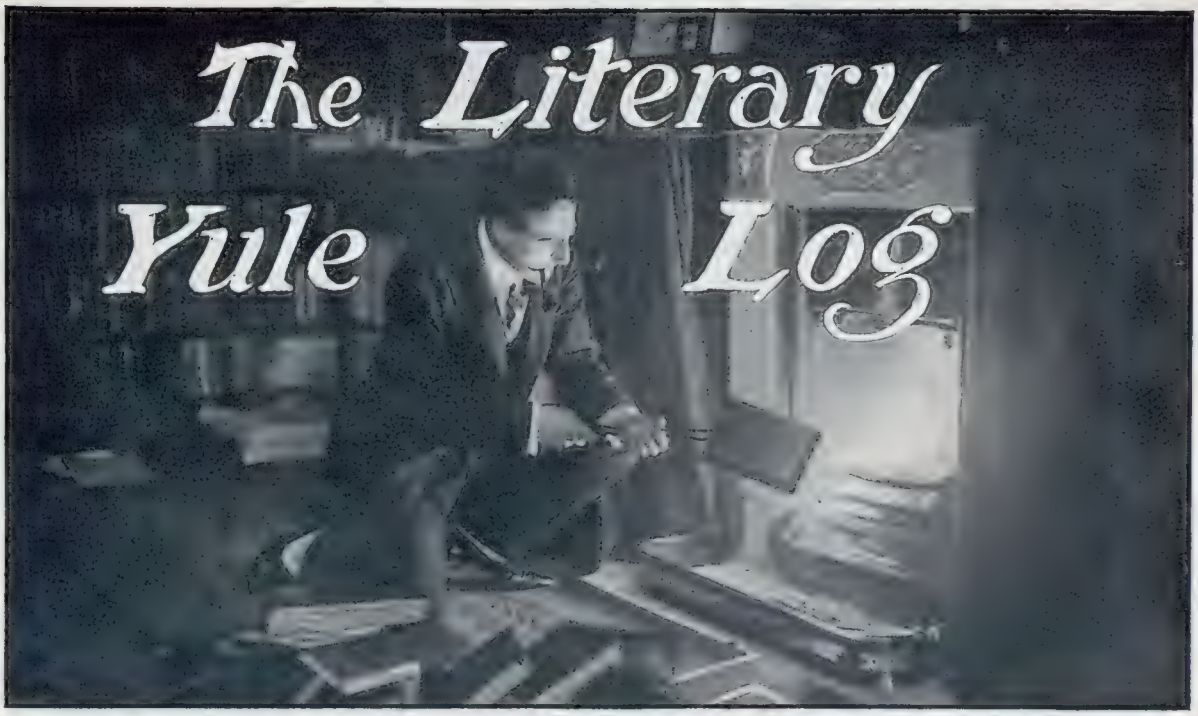
The Literary Yule Log



MR. RALPH STRAUS, OUR LITERARY LOG-ROLLER, AVENGES HIMSELF ON THE UNINTERESTING

THE heading, of course, is in the nature of an indiscretion, and this article is to be considered as an entirely anonymous production. No author or publisher should read it. Perhaps it is not even true. From the picture, however, you may discover the method which a log-roller (in the privacy of his own study) adopts with the hundreds of unnecessary books flung headlong every year into the market. Regarded simply as fuel, books, perhaps, are not quite so satisfactory as coal or logs, but if you have previously broken their backs—a matter of knack rather than strength—they will burn with a cheery persistence. Moreover, if you replenish your Christmas fire in this way, you may enjoy the agreeable feeling that you are following out the suggestions of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Edmund Gosse. Most books, that is to say, deserve to be burnt.

The Advance Paragraph

Perhaps this sounds cruel and un-Christmassy, and yet there is much to be said in its favour. Here, for instance, is the sad story of the novel seen (between the tongs) in the picture. Once upon a time it was written —how or why no one but its author can explain. In it somebody is made to love somebody else. It is accepted by a publisher on terms which (for personal reasons) cannot be divulged. The author gets his twenty thousand pounds "on account of royalties" (or, perhaps, not quite so much), and the printers take temporary charge of it. Then, one of those pleasant little paragraphs, headed "Literary Gossip," is sent on its round. It will run somewhat upon these lines:

"Two years ago, it will be remembered, Mr. Abel Scribbler achieved a remarkable success with his powerful novel, *Potassium*. He has now finished another long story under the title of *Iodoform*, which the publishers (Messrs. Grin and Bearit) have no hesitation in saying is even finer and more powerful than his first. It is not generally known that Mr. Scribbler, who is the fourth son of the aged Dean of Whatminster, took to literature as the result of an accident. He was exploring the unknown corners of Siam, when he slipped on the roadway, and broke his ankle. Unable to move from his bed of sickness, Mr. Scribbler was forced to amuse himself as best he could. Ignorant of Siamese, and therefore precluded from enjoying such Siamese novels as his thoughtful nurses provided, he decided to evolve a story from his own imagination. *Potassium* was the result! *Iodoform*, however, has been written in the most delightful little cottage in Warwickshire. It concerns, etc. . . . [Please quote.]"

The Arrival of "Iodoform"

Then one day a parcel of books, containing *Iodoform*, will arrive in the room pictured above. There is, perhaps, at the top of the pile an expensive volume of Reminiscences, written by a distinguished ex-Civil Servant, whom the log-roller once met at dinner. The book seems interesting, and is well illustrated, and—Lord, yes!—the publishers have omitted to disfigure the title-page with that infernal "Presentation Copy" stamp. (The book will now make an admirable Christmas present.) Besides the Reminiscences, there may be an "Historical Memoir," with ten portraits and a frontispiece in photogravure; also a typewritten note inserted which informs the log-roller that the authoress is a charming person who has undoubtedly written by far the most important book published in recent years. This, to do him justice, he does not believe. He reads ten pages and finds that the book is made up of a series of excerpts, strung uncouthly together, from the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *Annual Register*, with long extracts (not always between inverted commas) from other people's books. Also, scattered through the pages are dreary platitudes feebly disguised as epigrams. Besides these two books, there will be in the parcel two or three nondescript novels, and, at the bottom,

Mr. Abel Scribbler's carefully heralded *Iodoform*, a bright, uncut, imposing, and persuasive volume. . . .

The log-roller sets to work.

He is just entering upon the third chapter, when the postman arrives with a batch of letters concerning the great work. In them, he is implored, besought, coaxed, threatened, bullied, sworn at, made love to, and denounced. For the next fortnight he refuses to answer the telephone, and avoids his clubs, for he once met a man who knows Mr. Scribbler, and friends and foes alike are on his track. It becomes obvious to him that until he has reviewed *Iodoform*, and given it a column of fulsome praise, life will not be worth living.

Photograph *J. D. Harris*

A CHINESE REBEL

The Honest Verdict—

For a time, however, he fights. *Iodoform*, he considers, is a thoroughly bad book, without a single new idea. Its characterisation is amateurish, its dialogue impossible. But, obviously, it has friends. It is being widely advertised. Though out for no more than a fortnight, it is (apparently) already in a fifteenth edition. The log-roller's family and friends begin to look upon him with suspicion. They imply that he is deliberately jeopardising the author's livelihood, that he is merely envious of Mr. Scribbler's success—he has written novels himself—and that he is a poor, miserable wretch, unfitted for log-rolling of any decent kind.

In a fit of despair—by this time Mr. Scribbler and most of his relations have written to him—he takes up the book again, and reads it, wondering how any self-respecting publisher can have produced it; then he writes his review. [Ed.—Not for The Bystander.]

—And the Written Verdict

"We are glad to see that Mr. Abel Scribbler, whose first novel showed so much promise two years ago, has proved himself not to be a one-book man; for his second novel, *Iodoform* (Messrs. Grin and Bearit: 6*s*.), shows a marked improvement on the former work. For one thing, there is a greater breadth of treatment. And the thing is alive: it grips. Here is a man who has something to say, and says it fearlessly and ably. We congratulate Mr. Scribbler on having written one of the best novels of the year."

Then the log-roller's friends recognise him again. But he has his revenge.

Coals are expensive. The log-roller takes Mr. Scribbler's novel and fifty others of its kind. Then he lights his pipe, and kneels down by the hearth. Then he takes a pair of tongs. . . . Ralph Straus

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Christmas Books

REVIEWED BY RONALD MASSEY

"There was a stiff, plain little girl . . . . . She wore a green brocade dress, and held a green parrot on her finger." One of Charles Robinson's delightful illustrations in colour to "The Secret Garden," by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Heinemann: 6s.)

IT seems but yesterday that I was writing on Christmas books for 1910, and behold, once again I am swamped by the annual deluge from the big publishing houses. Each succeeding year the catering for the public becomes more elaborate and more artistic, until one is given to wonder at the fresh ideas that spring up like mushrooms in the fertile brains of the publishers. As youth, in my opinion, should be given precedence at Christmas-time, so will I first treat with books essentially for children.

Some Children's Annuals

I can imagine the delight of the youngster when he or she, as the case may be, becomes possessed of Ward Lock's handsome annual, with its pictures in both black and white and colour, its interesting stories and humorous verses. It is a volume predestined to popularity. In the same category may be placed *Happy Hearts*, also published by Ward, Lock. The volumes are priced at 3*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.* respectively. Partridge's *Children's Annual* (3*s.* 6*d.*) is substantially as well as tastefully bound, and is beautifully printed. Mrs. Molesworth is once again a contributor, and there are nearly 200 pages of stories, articles, games, music, and rhymes. The frontispiece and twelve of the full-page illustrations are in colour, and nearly every page is illustrated. Another Annual that should on no account be missed by boys and girls is *Cassell's Annual* (3*s.* 6*d.*). It is full of good things, and *all* the many illustrations are in colour.

Nature and Science Books

Children of to-day are keenly interested in Nature, and Messrs. A. and C. Black, recognising this, have from time to time published life stories of animals. The latest addition to this elaborate series is *The Lion*, by Agnes Herbert. Each volume of the series contains eight full-page illustrations in colour, and is priced at 3*s.* 6*d.* I must also make mention of *The Adventures of Jack Rabbit*, by Richard Kearton, F.Z.S., F.R.P.S. (Cassell: 6*s.*), illustrated with photographs of every description of bird and animal life. Under the title of "Playbooks of Science" Messrs. Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton have brought out a series of highly interesting and instructive volumes for boys, and girls also for that matter. These are entitled, *Mechanics and Some of its Mysteries*, *Chemistry and Chemical Magic*, *Flying and Some of its Mysteries*. All are written by V. E. Johnson, M.A., and are well illustrated. The price is 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

Cover Design of "Little Folks" Christmas Volume (Cassell: 3s. 6d.; or cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.)

Stories for Boys and Girls

Messrs. Partridge are well to the fore with books for the schoolboy and schoolgirl. For the former there is another fine yarn by Harold Avery, entitled *Not Cricket* (5*s.*). The illustrations, of which there are several, are in colour. For the latter I can heartily recommend *Under the Wolf's Fell*, a fascinating story by Dorothea Moore (5*s.*). This volume also is illustrated in colour. Messrs. Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton publish a book by Mrs. Herbert Strang, entitled *The Girl Crusoes* (3*s.* 6*d.*), which tells of the adventures of three girls in the South Seas. There are illustrations in colour. D. H. Parry's new boys' book, *Kit of the Carabineers*, and J. M. Whitfield's book for girls, *The Cotters* (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.* each), both make excellent reading. The former deals of Marlborough's campaigns, and the latter is an Australian story for girls. Both volumes are illustrated in colour. *Strang's Annual* (3*s.* 6*d.* net), issued by the same publishers, should not be forgotten.

"Red Riding Hood." A Reproduction of one of the illustrations in colour by Charles Folkard, contained in the volume of Grimm's Fairy Tales published by A. and C. Black (6s.)

A Delightful Story

There is, even to grown-ups, something peculiarly fascinating about Frances Hodgson Burnett's story, *The Secret Garden* (Heinemann: 6*s.*), and I cannot imagine a better present for children. The illustrations, in colour, are really delightful, and are, indeed, a credit to the art of Charles Robinson.

"Chums" and the Sister Volume

Chums (Cassell: 8*s.*), the famous annual, is breezier and brighter than ever. The colour-plates are really splendid, and the serial stories look deliriously exciting. Many a paterfamilias who buys this volume for his son will be caught reading it himself on Christmas afternoon. This volume contains, among many other notable features, Max Pemberton's thrilling serial, "Captain Black," and has nearly 1,200 well-illustrated pages. *The Girl's Realm* (Cassell: 8*s.*) is to the girl what *Chums* is to the boy. It contains three splendid serials, and some hundred excellent short stories by Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds, Evelyn Sharp, etc., etc.

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Dean's Rag Books, etc.

Dean's Patent Rag Books are untearable, the colours are fast, and the books are washable. They are, therefore, hygienic and free from possibility of conveying infection. The "Roly Poly" Series is quite unique, and will be sure to appeal to the child. The beautiful pictures are printed in one long strip, which is rolled up and tied with ribbon. They are, as claimed for them, "the most novel books ever invented," and are priced at only 6*d*. Then there are numerous other rag-book series ranging in price from 6*d*. to 6*s*. Besides these there are all sorts of delightful picture-books in stiff covers, such as *The Tales of the Three Pigs and Three Bears* (2*s*.) and *Tingle Town* (3*s*. 6*d*.). No nursery is complete if it lacks some of these volumes, and the best of it is, they are entirely manufactured in England.

A reduction of one of the pictures from "Dolly Dimple's A, B, C," one of Dean's Sixpenny Patent Rag Books

More Stories

Nipping Bear, by H. L'Estrange Malone (Treherne: 3*s*. 6*d*. net), is a delightfully original children's story. It is dedicated "to Iris and all children who love animals, and all lovers of children," and the story concerns the adventures of a little girl with numerous interesting animals and people the latter including Santa Claus himself. It is a sort of "Alice in Wonderland" story, but totally different in plot and construction, if you grasp my meaning. There are twelve illustrations in colour by Gordon Robinson, and numerous little thumbnail sketches in black and white scattered about its pages. Mention of three books published by Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, Ltd., should not be omitted. They are *Blair of Balaclava*, by Escott Lynn (6*s*.), a stirring military story, in which one of the heroes of the "Death or Glory Boys" plays a conspicuous part. For rather younger readers is *That Troublesome Dog*, by Raymond Jacberns (3*s*. 6*d*.). The title suggest the plot, and, lastly, *The Girls of Merton College* (5*s*.), by L. T. Meade.

Little Tommy Tucker. A reproduction from an illustration in "Baby Bunting" (6*d*.), one of Dean's Patent Rag Books

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"The dog in her arms; her eyes full of shy compassion." Reproduced from the Coloured Frontispiece to Warwick Deeping's "Fox Farm" (Cassell: 6s.)

Some Novels

There have been many good novels this year, and it is somewhat difficult to make a selection, but I shall be safe in recommending *Fox Farm*, by Warwick Deeping (Cassell: 6*s.*), which is a most attractive story by an author who always succeeds in infusing much charm into his work. *The Ealing Miracle*, by Horace W. C. Newte (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*); *The Hand of Diane*, by Percy J. Hartley (6*s.*), a delightful historical romance; *The Lonely Queen* (Methuen: 6*s.*), another of H. C. Bailey's fine stories—this particular book is about Queen Elizabeth; *God and the King*, by Marjorie Bowen (Methuen: 6*s.*), the last of a trilogy of romances written round William of Orange; *Hilda Lessways*, by Arnold Bennett (Methuen: 6*s.*).

Hodder and Stoughton's Gift Books

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are, as ever, to the fore with magnificent presentation volumes, and the only difficulty is to make a choice, each of them appealing so strongly. Edmund Dulac's illustrations in colours to *Stories from Hans Andersen* (15*s.* net) are exceedingly beautiful, and the reproductions are masterpieces of the engraver's art. The recipient of such a present as this would be certain to be pleased. Companion volumes to this include Tennyson's *The Idylls of the King*, illustrated in colour by Eleanor Fortesque Brickdale (15*s.* net), Dickens's *David Copperfield*, with colour illustrations by Frank Reynolds, R.I., and the volume of *Pickwick*, also illustrated by Frank Reynolds, reviewed last Christmas, each published at 15*s.* net. Then there is a sumptuous volume, *Anthony Van Dyck* (15*s.* net), which is a further study by Lionel Cust, with twenty-five illustrations in colour executed under the supervision of the Medici Society, and *Thoughts on Hunting*, by Mr. Peter Beckford, with illustrations in colour by G. Denholm Armour. There are others which the lack of space compels me regretfully to omit.

Tuck's Christmas Cards

Raphael Tuck and Sons' Christmas Cards can put forth both artistic and literary claims which account for the fact that they are included in these reviews. Nothing but their great excellence could have gained for these cards the world-wide popularity they enjoy. Messrs. Tuck always include numerous Royalties among their

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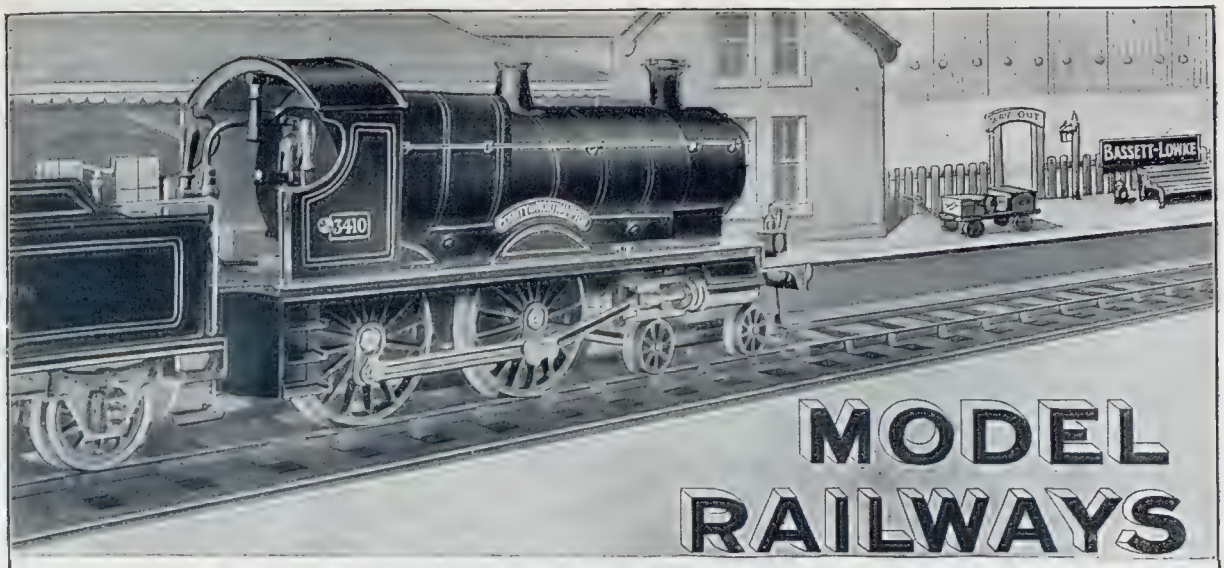

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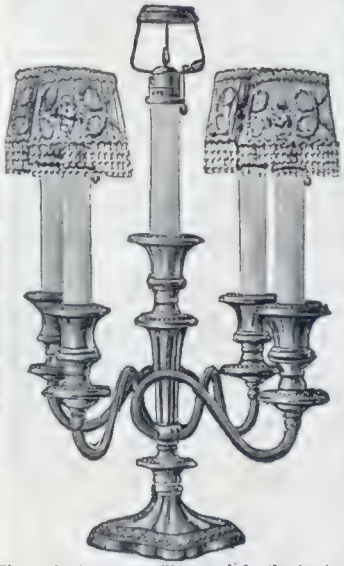

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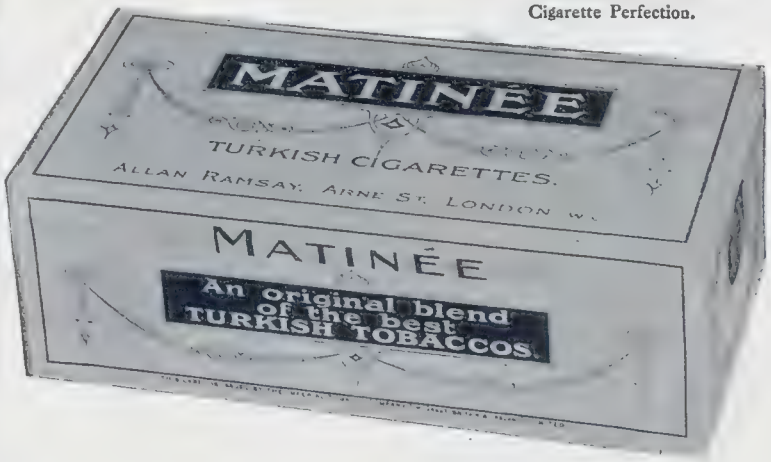

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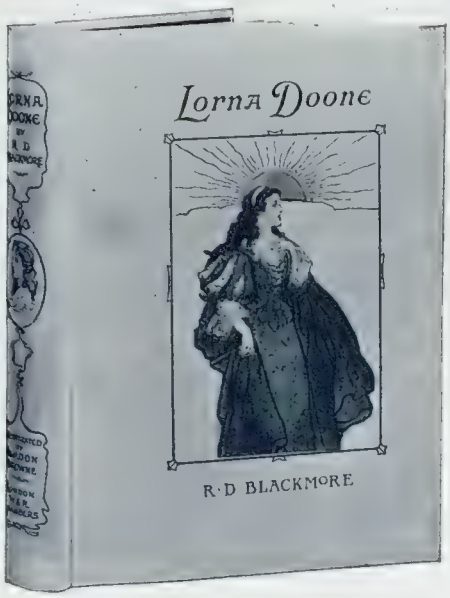
patrons, and these include the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Emperor of Germany, and the Tsar of Russia, who have all special designs executed for them. The artistry is always first-rate when the article bears the name Raphael Tuck, and the wording, an important feature, is always appropriate. The calendars issued by this firm are attractive to a degree, as are their picture post-cards bearing Christmas greetings. When purchasing cards, bear in mind "Father Tuck's Annual." The children will love it.

"Lorna Doone" de Luxe

It was a happy idea, this publishing of a volume *de luxe* of Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* (W. and R. Chambers: 10s. 6d. net). This romance, of all others, impresses itself indelibly upon the memory, and so it speaks volumes for the art of the illustrator, Mr. Gordon Browne, that, in his drawings, whether in colour or in black and white, he does not clash with the cherished mental pictures that we conjured up in the past. Nothing could be sweeter than the Lorna behind the bars of her window (page 280), or, again, in the picture facing page 336. Then the realism of the witch picture on page 133 is extremely well done. Mr. Browne has contributed thirteen full-page drawings in colour, and upwards of sixty black and white sketches. This volume should find a place on every book-lover's shelf.



An Edition de Luxe of Blackmore's Immortal "Lorna Doone" (W. and R. Chambers, 10s. 6d. net)

Leonardo and his Followers in Art

Leonardo at Milan, being Part VII. of the Renaissance in Italian Art, by Selwyn Brinton, M.A. (London: G. Bell and Sons; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2s. net), which is now going through the third edition, treats more particularly of the art of Lombardy and Piedmont, and with Lombard art both of the school which preceded Leonardo da Vinci and of the numerous contemporaries and followers who came under the spell of that wonderful man's personality. Thus a great deal of artistic interest and value outside Leonardo and the Leonardesques enters into this volume; but it seems natural that when once Leonardo has made his entry as the Court painter of Duke Ludovico Sforza of Milan he should come to dominate the reader's and the writer's interest, as much as he certainly did his contemporaries. With the death of Leonardo, his immediate group of followers—Salaino, Melzi, Cesare da Sesto, Andrea Solario, and Boltraffio—had become broken up; but the influence of this magician in art, and the type of wonderful beauty which he initiated, remained to their successors; and here the writer very appropriately gives especial prominence to that most attractive Lombard painter, Bernardino Luini, whose works in fresco have been only recently collected and appropriately placed in the Brera Museum at Milan. But in this later edition we find also treated in detail a painter whose work has only within the last few years come more and more into prominence, and who remained entirely outside the influence of Leonardo and his school. This is the Piedmontese painter,

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For Garden Lovers

Good wine needs no bush, any more than do gardening books with Mr. Walter P. Wright as their author. *The Beautiful Garden* (Cassell: 6*s.*) is Mr. Wright's latest work, and it should appeal quite as strongly to garden lovers as any of his other books. The work is beautifully illustrated in colour and black and white, and, like all his other volumes, is not only attractive, but exceedingly useful to the amateur gardener.

Books Biographical and Others

The house of Methuen is always to be depended upon for something good in the way of biographical works. It will be remembered that a month or two back they published a volume entitled *John Boyes, King of the Wa-kikuya*, written by himself (12*s.* 6*d.* net). This remarkable book, which created a great deal of interest, is the story of Mr. Boyes's extraordinary adventures as a trader in South Africa. In a perfectly marvellous way he becomes king of a big tribe called the Kikuya. Afterwards he was captured by the English, tried for his life, and acquitted. This is a book which should be read by everyone. Mr. John Murray has now published volumes V. and VI. of *The Recollections of a Long Life: Lord Broughton* (24*s.* net). These books should find a place in any library that claims to be anything like complete. *The Women of Shakespeare*, by Frank Harris (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), contains the love story of that immortal poet. The book is illustrated.

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A DINNER TO MR. HILTON

There are some aspects of the complimentary dinner given to Mr. Hilton on November 14, at the Connaught Rooms, which are worthy of being put on record. So far as I can remember this is the first occasion when the general admiration and affectionate pride felt by golfers for the deeds of a fellow golfer have found expression in this manner. The event was, therefore, unique in a sense, and corresponded with the uniqueness of the record which the dinner celebrated. I cannot remember ever seeing such a representative body of amateur golfers gathered together round a festive board. That great sportsman and athlete, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, was in the chair, and he was supported by a committee, from the ranks of which a team of amateur golfers could have been chosen which would have taken some beating by any other amateur team. The chairman of the committee was, most appropriately, Mr. Leonard Mossop, captain of the Ashford Manor Golf Club, and the other members were: Mr. John Ball, Mr. H. W. Beveridge, Mr. Ernley Blackwell, Mr. H. S. Colt, Mr. A. C. M. Croome, Mr. Bernard Darwin, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Mr. H. Le Bas, Mr. John Low, Mr. Stuart Paton, Sir George Riddell, Mr. Garden G. Smith, and the writer. When I saw Mr. Lyttelton sitting as chairman, flanked on either side by Mr. Hilton and Mr. Hutchinson, in the close embrace, so to speak, of golf in its intensest expression, my mind went back eighteen years or so to the time when he fluttered the golfing dovecotes by writing an article with the gruesome title, "Is Golf a First-class Game?" in which, I grieve to say, he endeavoured to answer his own question in the negative.

Noble Amends

But golf has had its revenge, for there is no keener or more enthusiastic devotee of the game than the right honourable gentleman. He made, in any case, noble amends for his former indiscretion by presiding over the function in a most admirable manner, and the speech in which he proposed Mr. Hilton's health will long be remembered for its combination of wit, eloquence, and whole-hearted admiration of the subject of the toast. If any of the political "die-hards" had been present, the reception accorded to the mention of Mr. Balfour's name, when a letter expressing his regret at his inability to be present was read, would have convinced them that if golfers had had any say in recent events that *preux chevalier* of the political world would have been retained at all costs as a leader. Among those who had come to do honour to the guest of the evening I would specially mention Mr. John Ball, Mr. Moodie, the captain of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, and Mr. Janion, its popular secretary, who had come down specially to testify to the appreciation of their club for the triumphs of their distinguished fellow member, while Mr. Low and Mr. Robert Maxwell had journeyed from the far North to show that Scottish golfers wished to share in the ovation given to the great "little man." Mr. Hilton.

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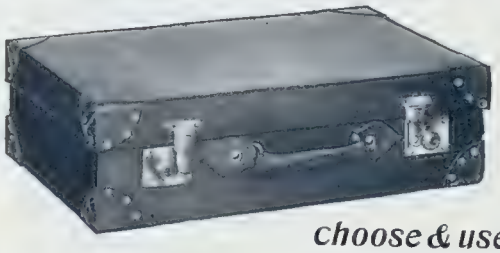

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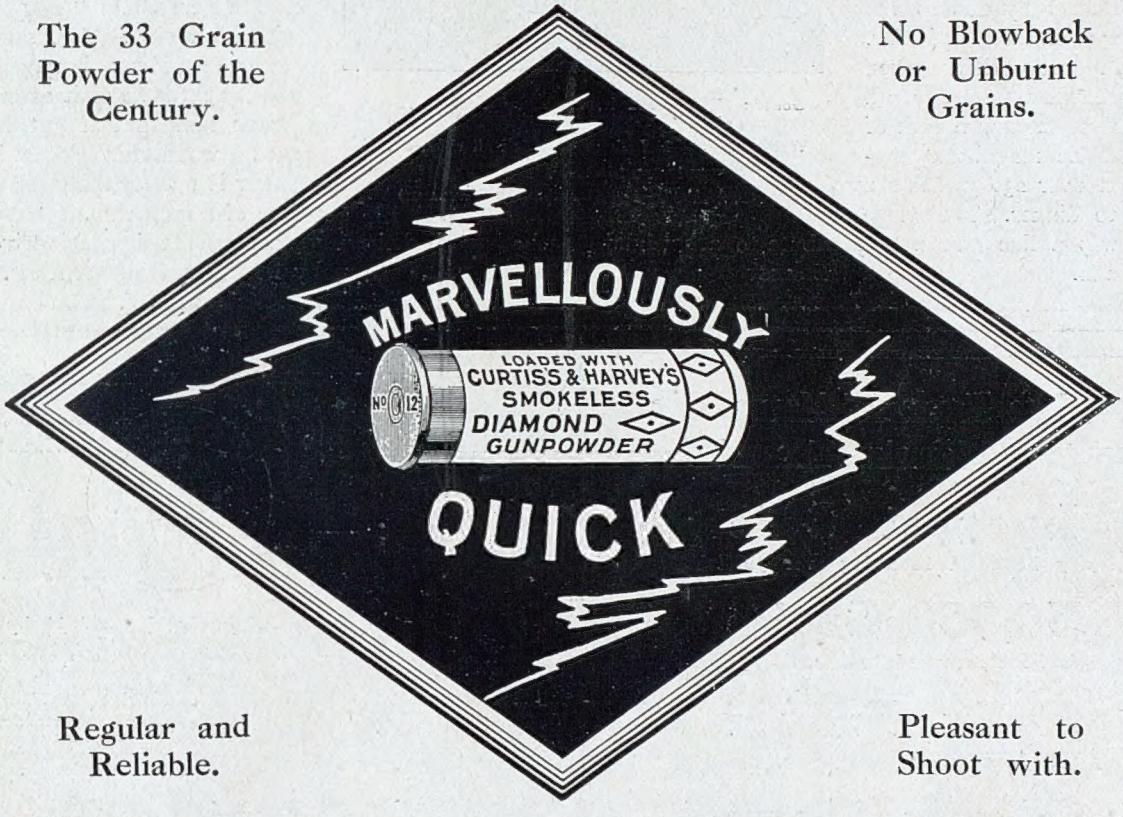

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in his admirable speech, again emphasised those favourable views respecting American golfers and American crowds which he had already expressed on more than one occasion, and on which I commented a few weeks ago. As I listened to him memory recalled to me the earliest occasion on which I saw him, when, as a curly-headed youngster of little more than twenty, he first came to St. Andrews, and convinced the somewhat reluctant Scottish critics of those days that a new star of the first magnitude had appeared in the golfing firmament. The success of the dinner was unquestioned, and was largely due to the untiring exertions of Mr. Croome, who had taken immense pains to perfect all the arrangements, a task of considerable magnitude, seeing that over 250 golfers sat down to dinner. The whole affair was a fine and worthy tribute to a splendid sportsman.

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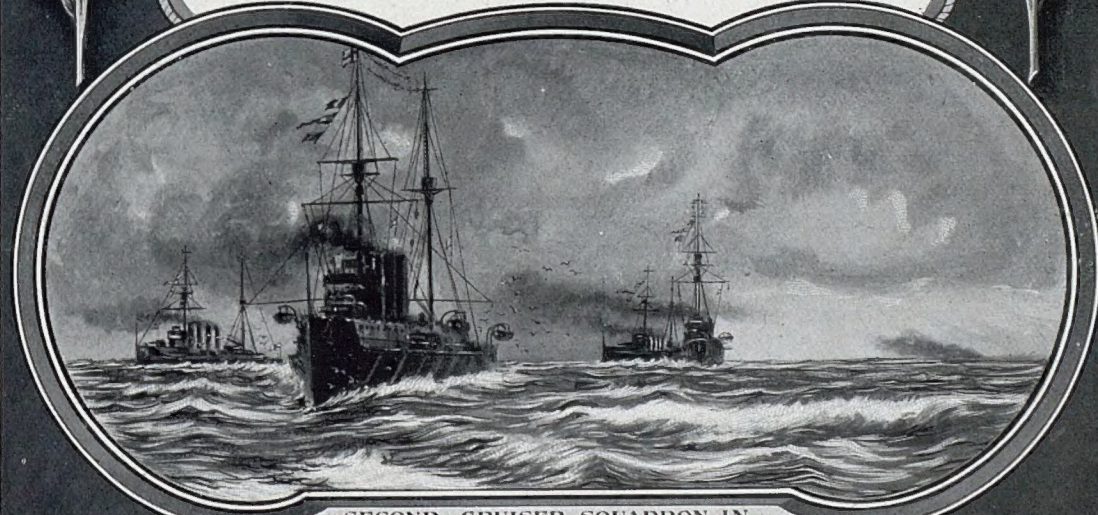

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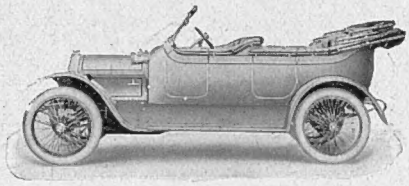

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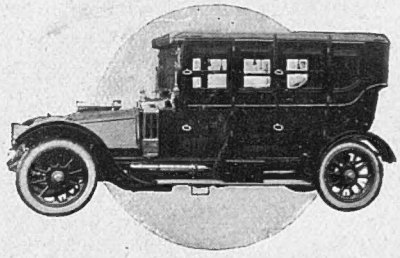

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